

Special
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OKLAHOMA MUSEUM OF ART'S
MEDIEVAL EXHIBIT

1985
JANUARY-FEBRUARY

\$2.00

OKLAHOMA TODAY

THE LAST WATERING PLACE: THE HOTEL WILL ROGERS IN CLAREMORE
PARTNERSHIP WITH THE SUN: OKLAHOMA'S STAINED-GLASS ARTISTS

**LOCAL HEROES:
THE LEGEND OF THE
THUNDERBIRDS**





OKLAHOMA TODAY

January-February 1985

George Nigh,



Governor

Vol. 35, No. 1



COVERS



Oklahoma City's downtown holds a dramatic memorial to the 45th Infantry Division—the famous fighting Thunderbirds. Photo by Terrence Moore. *Inside front.* Winter scene, Beavers Bend State Park. Photo by Kym Wilson. *Back.* Wichita vista. Photo by Steve Wilson.

FEATURES

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THE 6,000 SADDLES OF BALDO HILL

Meet Mr. Baldo Hill of Wellston, a past master at making saddles to suit the working cowboy.

SOONER STAINED GLASS



Stained-glass craftsmen throughout the state are shedding new light on an ancient art.

PANHANDLE PEOPLE

The faces and the recollections of some of Oklahoma's last pioneers, recorded by photographer Nancy Leonard.

THESE COLORS DON'T RUN

They charged up San Juan Hill and died in the trenches at Saint-Etienne. They slogged through Sicily, held the bloody beach at Anzio, marched into Munich—and liberated Dachau. They fought and froze at Outpost Eerie and Old Baldy and Pork Chop Hill. Citizen soldiers. The men of the 45th Division. Thunderbirds.

OKLAHOMA PORTFOLIO

Photographs of the State Fair . . . hot-air balloons over Norman . . . the Gloss Mountains . . . Isabella, Oklahoma . . . by Fred W. Marvel.

TAKING THE WATERS

The first structure anywhere in the world to carry the name *Will Rogers* is still doing business at the same location—as the last of the state's mineral-water spas.



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Oklahoma TODAY (ISSN 0030-1892) is published bi-monthly, in January, March, May, July, September and November. Subscription Prices: \$10/yr. in the U.S.; \$13 overseas. Copyright 1985 by *Oklahoma TODAY* magazine, 215 NE 28th, P.O. Box 53384, Oklahoma City, OK 73152. (405) 521-2496.



Printed at Southwestern Stationery & Bank Supply, Oklahoma City

Second-class postage paid at Oklahoma City. Postmaster: Send address changes to *Oklahoma TODAY* Circulation, P.O. Box 53384, Oklahoma City, OK 73152.

TODAY IN OKLAHOMA

When the subject of World War II or Korea comes up, most people in Oklahoma remember in terms of a father, brother, cousin or friend who was in the 45th, Oklahoma's famous infantry division. During the Korean Conflict, some became active soldiers literally overnight, much to their surprise.

In many small towns across the state during the 1940s, one of the rites of becoming a man was to join the 45th. As the soldiers returned home after World War II to a hero's welcome, their younger brothers signed up at the local armory so they could become members of this fraternity. The benefits were many—good pay for monthly meetings and summer camp plus the camaraderie of real soldiers. And no one thought of danger, since the war was over. Pretty heady stuff for high school kids who couldn't find jobs at that time.

But the fun ended when the 45th was activated at the beginning of the Korean War in the summer of 1950. And a number of small-town company commanders quickly had to determine what to do about some of their 16-year-old privates who the day before were high school sophomores and juniors. Most

under 17 were released from their obligations. Others only slightly older had to postpone college and careers.

But the 45th is probably best remembered for its fighting during World War II. The best-known symbols of that war were Willie and Joe, two average GI Joes created by cartoonist Bill Mauldin. Mauldin's cartoons were first published in the 45th Division newspaper. As his fame grew, he was promoted to cartoonist for the Army's *Stars and Stripes* newspaper.

U.S. District Court Judge Fred Daugherty helped us sort through 60 original Mauldin cartoons at the museum. Two cartoons are printed in the story on the 45th that begins on page 26. Daugherty, a major general, was commander of the 45th from 1960 to 1964. He now spends much of his free time working with the museum.

Writer Michael Wallis joined some of the old soldiers at their annual reunion last August in Oklahoma City. A former Marine himself, Wallis wondered before the meeting what kind of spirit he could expect from these former foot soldiers. He reports the Thunderbirds still share a common bond of pride in the 45th.

We first saw Nancy Leonard's pho-

tographs of the early settlers of Beaver County in Oklahoma's Panhandle when they were on exhibit at the State Capitol during the Diamond Jubilee Celebration in 1982. Since then, they have hung in the Oklahoma City Arts Annex's "We The People" exhibit, and they are on permanent exhibit at the Jones and Plummer Museum in Beaver. They will hang during March at No Man's Land Museum in Goodwell.

A native of northern Illinois, Mrs. Leonard moved to Beaver with her husband, Tim, in 1969. She has photographed and taped interviews with more than 45 pioneers of northwestern Oklahoma. A few of their photographs are shown beginning on page 18.

The Leonards and their three children, Kristin, 14, Ryan, 12, and Tyler, 10, live six months out of the year in Oklahoma City while Senator Leonard attends legislative sessions. The children go the first semester in Oklahoma City. With Beaver some 223 miles from Oklahoma City, this allows the family to remain together and to experience life in a small rural community as well as the big city.

With this issue, *Oklahoma TODAY* enters its 30th year of publication. Looking back, 1984 was a banner year for us. The magazine was redesigned, more color photography was added, and we increased from four to six issues. We will begin 1985 by assisting United Cerebral Palsy with its fund-raising drive, January 12-13 on Oklahoma City's Channel 5. *Oklahoma TODAY* calendars and subscriptions will be offered as prem-

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(required by 39 U.S.C. 3685 filed September 28, 1984) for *Oklahoma TODAY* Magazine publication number 407140, published bi-monthly, 6 issues annually, annual subscription price \$10, by the State of Oklahoma, Tourism and Recreation Department at P.O. Box 53384, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma County, Oklahoma 73152. Editor: Sue Carter, Oklahoma Tourism and Recreation Department, P.O. Box 53384, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73152. Managing Editor: Kate Jones, Oklahoma Tourism and Recreation Department, P.O. Box 53384, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73152.

OWNER: State of Oklahoma, *Oklahoma TODAY*, Oklahoma Tourism and Recreation Department, P.O. Box 53384, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73152. Known bondholder, mortgagees and other security holders or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: none.

EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION: (A) Total number of copies printed (net press run): 28,982 average number of copies of each issue during preceding 12 months, 27,000 single issue nearest filing date. (B) Paid circulation: (1) Sales through

dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales, 6,123 average number copies of each issue during preceding 12 months, 6,907 single issue nearest filing date; (2) mail subscriptions: 17,939 average number of copies of each issue during preceding 12 months 17,117 single issue nearest filing date. (C) Total paid circulation: 24,062 average number copies of each issue during the preceding 12 months, 24,024 single issue nearest filing date. (D) Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means, samples, complimentary and other free copies: 2,189 average number copies of each issue during preceding 12 months, 599 single issue nearest filing date. (E) Total distribution: 26,251 average number copies of each issue during preceding 12 months, 24,623 single issue nearest filing date. (F) Copies not distributed: 874 average number of copies of each issue during preceding 12 months, 1,436 single issue nearest filing date; (2) Returns from news agents: 1,857 average number copies of each issue during preceding 12 months, 941 single issue nearest filing date. (G) TOTAL: 28,982, average number of copies of each issue during preceding 12 months, 27,000 single issue nearest filing date.

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
(Signed) Sue Carter, Editor

iums; we invite you to join us in supporting this worthy organization. Happy New Year to each of you.—Sue Carter

Correction. In the November-December 1984 issue, the photograph that appeared on the inside front cover was taken by Kym Wilson, not Lloyd Brockus as we indicated. *Oklahoma TODAY* regrets the error.

BOOKS

Forty-seven Straight: The Wilkinson Era at Oklahoma, by Harold Keith; *University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019; \$19.95.* Here's a volume to stoke the memories and fire the passions of all those red-and-white-blooded OU fans who prayed that the golden Saturdays of the Wilkinson Era would go on forever.

OU has always played fine football, but the years when Wilkinson coached the Sooners may well have been the team's finest hours. And that's nothing to be sorrowful about: The coach and his players won 47 straight games and set an NCAA record that looks like it may stand forever. His teams took three national championships, 12 consecutive conference titles and a place in the nation's Top 10 for 11 years in a row. . . .

Harold Keith, longtime director of sports information at OU, has sacked straight sports biography in favor of interviews with the men who played for Wilkinson and his staff, from "General Jack" Mitchell, his first quarterback at OU, to members of the famous "Sophomore Team" of 1962. Chapter titles include "The Fighting Fools of '50," "The Wilkinson Way," "The Breakthrough of Prentice Gautt," "The Chicago Food Poisoning," "The Rise of the Seven Dwarfs" and "Final Season."

Images of Oklahoma: A Pictorial History, text by Bob L. Blackburn; *Oklahoma Historical Society, 2100 N. Lincoln Blvd., Oklahoma City, OK 73105; \$19.95, plus \$1*

postage. Back in 1977, the Oklahoma Department of Libraries launched the Oklahoma Image Project. The most visible part of this undertaking was the Image Photographic Exhibit, gathered from formal collections of early-day photographs—and from local contests that uncovered previously unknown images. From April 1980 to October 1981, the exhibit toured the state. Then it was packed away.

But a group of legislators decided the photographs were too valuable to be lost from sight. The result, published cooperatively by the Department of Libraries and the Historical Society, is *Images of Oklahoma*.

Five hundred photographs have been grouped by topic (Indians . . . military . . . cattle . . . agriculture . . . oil . . . towns . . . trade . . . entertainment . . . celebrations and sports . . . children). They have been printed using a tri-tone process to hold as much of the photos' details as possible. The resulting volume is rather like a public photo album of the state's vivid history and the people who lived it.

LETTERS

My thanks and congratulations to you and the Argos for *Oklahoma TODAY's* splendid feature on Depression art. (November-December 1984). Probably most folks today see these murals around the state and have no idea of the background. If they read your article, they will know and appreciate this bit of history.

My father was postmaster at Edmond when Ila McAfee Turner painted "Pre-settlement Days" in the late 1930s. He recalled that she spent a substantial amount of time doing her homework, researching flora and fauna in the Edmond area, sketching and studying before beginning to paint the mural. He was proud of the painting, which hung over his office door.

Many of us expressed concern about the mural's future when the post-office building was gutted and remodeled as the

Edmond City Hall. Thanks to the efforts of people like Katherine Kunc of Central State University's art department and the foresight of Edmond officials, the mural was saved and is displayed in the ex-post office, now City Hall, as your article reported.

There was other Depression art in Edmond that did not survive. Acee Blue Eagle painted Indian scenes on the walls at Mitchell Hall, the Central State auditorium, but these were painted over (effectively destroying them) by a CSU administration sometime after World War II. Longtime Edmond residents still mourn the loss.

J. W. Simmons
Tulsa

Yesterday I received an early birthday present, a copy of *Oklahoma TODAY*, thanks to Lucy Shuman, who was visiting back home (Woodward and Harper counties) the last of August. She saw the article on Freedom (July-August 1984) and knew I would like it.

I'm a 1954 graduate of good ole FHS. There were only eight graduates that year, and to my knowledge there's only been one class smaller. What fond memories returned as I read the story. Oklahoma will always be "home," but Freedom is "back home." We love Arizona now, but we still try to get back every couple of years at least.

At one time we lived in Norman, by the way, and threw "rose rocks" out of the gardens. But on our last visit we looked like typical tourists—we went rose rock hunting. Our new acquaintances here are fascinated with them.

Sylvia Powders Rafferty
Phoenix

My sister-in-law, Laressa Cox McBurney, was 101 years old December 22. She has asked me to tell you that she has been a subscriber ever since the first publication. She loves Oklahoma and wouldn't be without your magazine.

Elsie L. Cox
Manhattan, Kansas

BILL RYAN

By Kathryn Jensen

It has to be a gift from God. Has to be. I've witched wells all over these five surrounding counties. With all the families I've witched for, and I'd venture to say that everyone in every family tried it, never yet has it worked for any one of them." So states Bill Ryan, a 72-year-old Baptist preacher who happens also to be a water witch. Mr. Ryan, dressed in his bib overalls, with a watch chain dangling from the front pocket and a twist of tobacco inside it, is as refreshing to talk to as the water he finds is to drink. He's a smiling gusher of information about what he proudly calls his "gift." His stories of doubtful water-needers made believers date from around 1912, when he was just 15. That's when he witched his first well, appropriately enough for a church.

With one of his frequent, body-shaking chuckles, Mr. Ryan remembers that, "Four of us were buildin' a little ol' shack 'cause we didn't have a place for church. We got 'er built, but didn't have any water. There was a man whose name was Joe Lydle, I believe, but I'm not for certain. Anyway, we sent for him, and he drove up in his wagon and said, 'Is this where you want to find water?' We told him it was, and he just pitched me that stick of his without even gettin' out of the wagon and said, 'Son, walk up through there and find the water for 'em.' Well, I did what he told me, and that ol' stick like to jumped out of my hand. He just turned his wagon around and drove off, and that ol' well's still there, full of water."

This first experience was a little frightening for the 15-year-old Bill, but he says he quickly adjusted to his ability. His only fear for a short time thereafter was that "if I told 'em 'Here's water,' and they didn't get it, then they'd always be mad at me." Now, he says, "It don't worry me anymore. It's just a job."

Mr. Ryan is a precise man, always careful to say only what is right. About his success rate he says, "If there's ever been a dry well, they've never told me



about it." He's just as careful about everything he says, from the small detail to the big picture. After telling me that someone had come to pick him up to witch a well, he thought for a moment and then corrected himself: "No, that's not right. One of my boys drove me out there." To make sure there's no misunderstanding about what his forked stick has told him, he says, "There's one thing I'll never tell people: how deep or how much water. But I'll stake my life on its bein' there and whether it's one stream or two."

Mr. Ryan's faith is just as firm in the God-given nature of this gift and in his responsibility to share it for no profit except his deep satisfaction at having helped someone in need. He worked as a pit miner for 27 years, he recounts, and "there was hardly an evenin' passed that when I got home there wasn't somebody here waitin' on me. I'd go sometimes when I didn't feel like it, because I knew that water was precious and that people had to have it. I don't think the Lord would have wanted me to have been slack. For a long time I never did charge not one penny from nobody. I wouldn't do it. I would go and come in my own pickup. Then I said to myself that if they wanted me they could come and get me and bring me home. I imagine some people make a racket out of it, but, boy, I couldn't

sleep if I charged anybody for it."

My initial faith was not nearly as strong as Mr. Ryan's, but watching him work is enough to cure any doubting Thomasina. We walked all over his property, located in the country outside McAlester, and he showed me how he pinpoints where someone should drill for a well. At one point, of course, I had to try my hand at it. I stood right over one of two streams feeding into his well, and nothing happened. Then Mr. Ryan told me to move my hands up on the forks a bit, and he put his below mine on each. Immediately, with no movement on his part, I felt the stick's point begin to pull toward the ground. I watched his hands closely as he traced both of his streams, and saw the stick rotate in his closed, palms up hands time and time again without ever seeing his hands move.

Although many witchers swear by a certain kind of wood, usually peach or willow, Mr. Ryan claims, "It has nothin' to do with the stick. This one's an old elm. Anything I pick up will work. It doesn't have to be green either. I've used a green stick then hung it on the wall for a season, and it worked just fine."

He's developed a special method all his own using common sense and his almost 60 years of experience. He claims that many well witchers fail because they tell the water seeker to drill at the spot where they first feel the pull of the stick. That's a mistake, he claims, because the pull of the water can jerk the stick down when it isn't directly over a stream. Mr. Ryan marks spots, moves in different directions according to a system he's worked out, and covers a very large area before deciding on the best drilling spot.

He also always tries to find a spot where two streams cross, one running east and west and one running north and south. With two streams feeding a well, it's much more likely to be a good one. One of his favorite stories involves "a young fellow who'd just bought five

acres over to Peaceable and give a pretty good price for it. When he came to the house and asked me to get my machinery together and come go with him, I reached into the back of the pickup and pulled out my fork-ed stick. He looked at it and at me and said, 'Oh hell, now. Let's not go into somethin' like that. If that's it, forget it.'"

Desperation drove the young man to change his mind, however, and Mr. Ryan found the right spot in a grove of post oaks where the owner wanted to set a trailer house. His job finished, Mr. Ryan left and didn't hear any more about it for a few weeks. Then, he remembers, "This guy called, and I didn't know who it was and he wouldn't say nothin'. I'm a minister, and I get calls from people needin' help, so I said, 'Look now, you're goin' to have to settle down and tell me what your trouble is if you want me to help you.' He finally got to where he could talk, and he said, 'You know where you witched for that well in Peaceable and I told you there wasn't nothin' to it?' And I said, 'Yeah, I know all about it.' 'Well,' he said, 'the water's goin' 30 feet in the air. When we hit the first stream, the driller told me there was no use goin' any deeper, that I'd never want for water. But I told him that I'd really hurt the old man who found the well by the way I talked to him. I told him I got the money and you got the rig and I want to see that second stream.'"

Another story involves a man Mr. Ryan describes as "close with his money." He was very doubtful about finding water where Mr. Ryan had marked, but he needed it, so he hired a driller. When they'd drilled pretty deep without any sign of water, the man gave up, covered the casing with a bucket and disgustedly headed for the tractor to fill in the hole. On the way to the barn, he stopped off at the house long enough to call Mr. Ryan. By the time he got back to the hole with his tractor, water pressure had blown the bucket across the yard. Seems he'd stopped his drilling no more than 3 inches from water, and it had broken through. When the man called again to announce success, Mr. Ryan had already told his wife they were going to the bank to borrow enough money to pay for the

unsuccessful drilling.

These days, unsuccessful drilling can be a very expensive venture. The current price, according to one local well driller, runs anywhere from \$5.50 to \$13 a foot, depending upon the type of ground. When I asked Mr. Ryan how well drillers who didn't follow the guidance of a water witch determined where to drill, he said, "Nothin'. They get just as much for a dry hole as they do a wet one, so a lot of them just don't care. They drill one and then are happy to try somewhere else." Mr. Ryan hasn't ever officially worked with a driller, but after he'd found a well for some folks who'd had two dry wells dug, their driller gave him a stack of cards and asked that Mr. Ryan recommend him. Since he had a good air rig and worked more quickly and less expensively than many others, Mr. Ryan did so. A couple of months later, Mr. Ryan says, "He called me and told me, 'Bill, slow up. They're runnin' me crazy.'"

Mr. Ryan has kept a lot of people from *going* crazy, and he's understandably proud of his work. He says, "Any direction I start out from here, all over Arkansas, Texas and Kansas, I can say there's a well I witched, there's one, and there's one." That's not good enough for him, though. Like most people who deeply desire to use a gift or talent for the good of others, Mr. Ryan has a dream: "I want to go where there's oil and just walk around the rig. I'd know right quick if it was goin' to work. Another dream of mine is to go to the desert and try it, or even out in western Oklahoma where water's scarce. That'd be heaven for them people to get water. I'd find it if it's there. I don't care how deep it is; I'd find it."

Only in the U.S. is someone with Mr. Ryan's scientifically inexplicable ability to find water with a forked stick called a "water witch." European names are much less negative sounding. They include the British "dowser" and foreign terms that translate to "water-seeker," "spring-finder" and "rod-walker." However, the American name doesn't seem to bother Mr. Ryan. He uses it freely and bears it proudly. Whatever we call it, he's in good

Mark Emmons

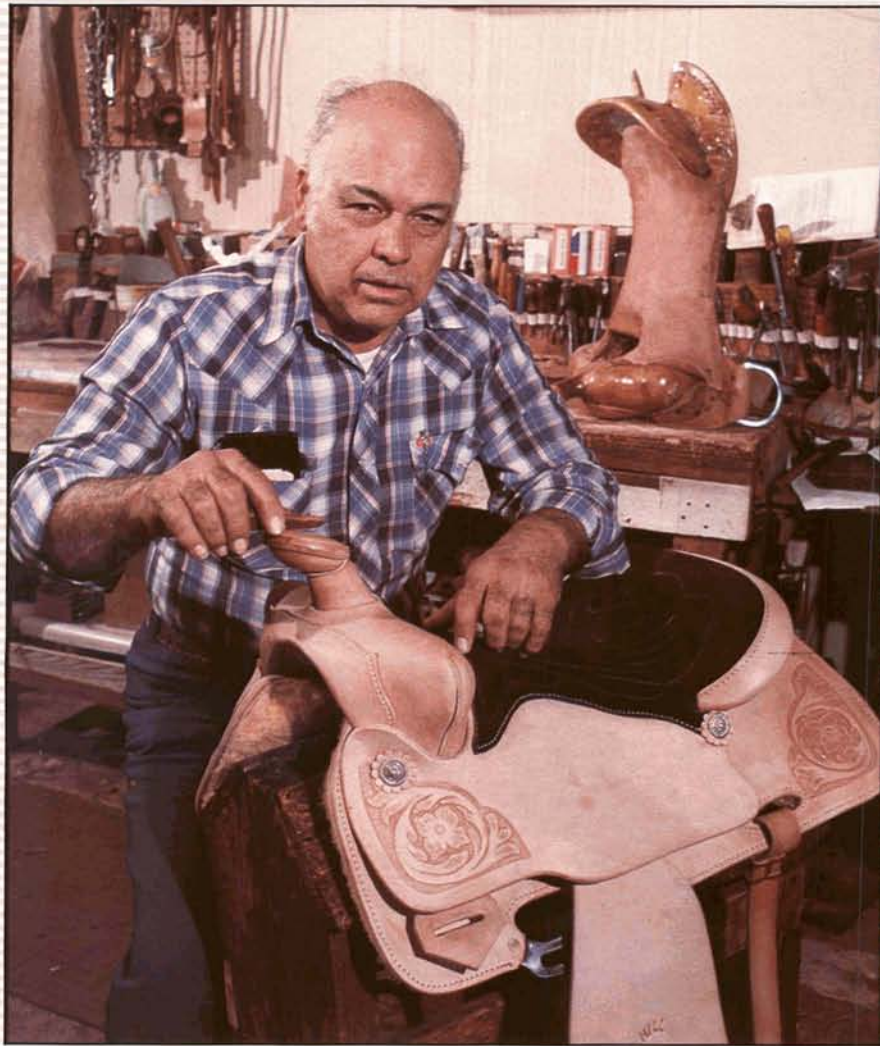


company. Although the first specific written reference to water divining dates from only 1556, many point to Moses as the first water witch. His story, of course, includes striking a rock with his rod and finding water for his people in the wilderness (Num. 20:9-11).

I'd call Mr. Ryan a "water-giver" over any other name. Often, he says, when he's found a spot, "I have a word of prayer over it. When they ask, 'How much do I owe you?', I tell 'em, 'You get up next Sunday morning, and you get your wife and them kids ready and you take 'em to church *someplace*, and I'll be paid.'"

It's a small price to pay for cool, clear water, and a big man who'd request it. ©

Know an Oklahoman you feel the rest of us should meet through this feature? Send the name, address and a little about the person to Kathryn Jensen, Oklahoma TODAY, P.O. Box 53384, Oklahoma City, OK 73152.



Baldo Hill's made saddles for 50-some years, like his father and his father before him.

The 6,000 Saddles of Baldo Hill

By Jim Etter Photographs by Jim Argo



"Good, strong ranch work saddles, that's the ones I make the most of," Hill says. "The boys that come in and say, 'I want one hell for stout'—that's the kind I like to make." He doesn't stock display models in his shop; as soon as he finishes a saddle, the rider who ordered it shows up and carries it off.

If once-busy Route 66 through central Oklahoma were still humming with traffic, Baldo Hill would be saddled with work sure enough.

As it is now, he has enough business to keep him cutting, stretching, tacking and stitching seven days a week—and occasionally modern-day travelers who happen to take the historic roadway pull off at his stop just to savor a little of the Old West.

His business, just west of Wellston, basically is a place where you can have a saddle made to suit your particular riding style and personal fancy.

"When a man walks in that door, I say, 'What kind of rider is that?'" says Hill, a man with a soft voice and an

obvious love for good horses, new leather and snap-button shirts.

"If he's a cowboy, I know I'm going to make him a tough working saddle. But if he's someone who just likes to ride once in a while—an afternoon rider, you know—I'll make him another kind of saddle."

Hill, who turns 60 in February, has been making Western saddles since he learned by helping in his father's shop nearly 50 years ago. He's made saddles in much of the nation's horse country, including Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado and California. All told, he figures, he's made more than 6,000.

He lived in Oklahoma off and on from the time he was about 12, and for the last 22 years has had his shop near Wellston—

a simple building that looks something like a storage shed and sits a short distance from a "Hill's Saddlery" sign on the highway.

If the customer who walks into that shop requires a working saddle, Hill goes on, that's pretty typical.

"Good, strong ranch work saddles, that's the ones I make the most of. The boys that come in and say, 'I want one hell for stout'—that's the kind I like to make," he says, as he stands behind a small, glass counter covered with horse magazines.

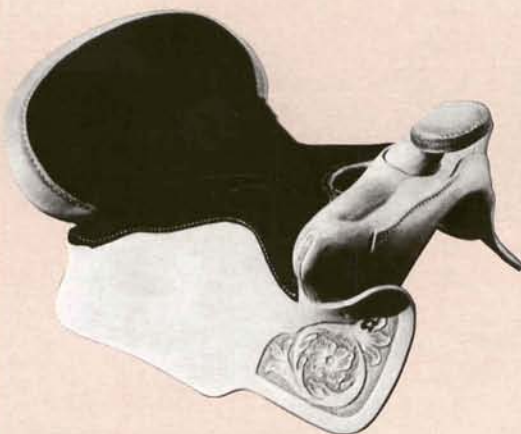
"You take these cowboys around here, they'll tear up a saddle quicker than anybody if it's not stout. A big steer on a rope will sure jerk these saddles around—and, with ranch work, when one gets



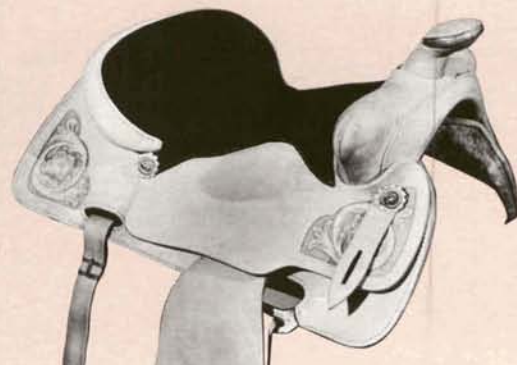
The tree is a saddle's skeleton. Baldo builds from plastic trees—or from more traditional (and costly) rawhide trees like the one shown here.



A saddle comes together one handmade step at a time; Hill is both a craftsman and a historian of saddle styles.



The saddle pictured is a lady's 15-inch barrel racer, made to order for a local woman. Its price: \$579.89.



That includes \$95 worth of carving, a breastplate—and some 18 hours of Baldo's time.

out, one way or another, he's got to get back in."

The ranch work saddle usually is a roping saddle—a sturdy one with high horn for dallying a rope—but with a few variations, explains Hill, walking across a floor area between the counter and a wood-burning stove to point out some saddles have been left for repair.

That work saddle, he says, putting his hand on one, probably will give a working cowboy more comfort during many hours of riding. It'll also have more of a swell and an "undercut" in the fork, or front. That's to help keep you on a frisky horse, Hill says, especially "on cold mornings if he crowhops a little with you."

If, on the other hand, the saddle is for a pleasure rider, the saddle probably will be lighter, with a plastic tree instead of the stronger wooden tree covered with rawhide used in the cowboy-type saddles. It'll also have a higher swell in front out of consideration for the pleasure rider, who, Hill says, generally needs more to hold him in the saddle than the working cowboy.

This man who's such a working encyclopedia of saddles was born in San Antonio and spent his early childhood helping his father in saddle shops in Texas. He learned to speak English and Spanish about the same time he was becoming handy at such chores as covering horns and stirrups and sewing leather by hand.

His father, O. H. Hill, also a lifetime saddlemaker who had learned the craft from his father, even did saddle work during the 1930s for Vice President John Nance Garner, who had a ranch at Uvalde, Texas. But times then were tough, and that's what brought Baldo Hill from Texas to Oklahoma.

"We were going from Laredo to Missouri, and my dad had an armful of belts that he had made to sell," remembers Hill, who was then about 12. But at McAlester, they met a man who told them business was scarce in Missouri, too. Then he gave them a bit of news that was to keep them in Oklahoma: There was a merchant in Stratford who was looking for a saddlemaker.

So they stayed, and the younger Hill later made saddles at different times and locations in the state, including Oklahoma City's "Packin' Town" (Stockyards City).

For the most part, Hill has done little else but make saddles, both in Oklahoma and in other states—except for the short periods when he tried his hand at rodeos and wrangled (and worked in tack shops) at a few dude ranches in the East.

It takes Hill from a week to at least a month to make a saddle, figuring drying time for the dampened leather and depending on the type of saddle. He starts with the tree, which he acquired from a tree maker. The typical tree is made of ponderosa pine or other soft wood, is covered with either bull or cow rawhide and has a metal horn. Cheaper trees are made of plastic. The tree determines the shape of the saddle, so Hill stipulates the saddle style when he orders.

Hill builds the saddle onto the tree, attaching the rigging for the front and rear girths and tie straps; the metal and leather seat that covers the opening in the tree; the leather covering the fork and horn; more leather covering both the seat (either slick or with quilted padding) and the cantle; the skirts (the parts that go next to the horse); more leather called "jockeys"; the leather fenders that include the stirrup leathers; the stirrups; and the latigo strings—along with the leather rosettes and metal conchos that help hold the saddle together.

Then comes the "carving," or decorating the saddle with leather tooling, and putting on silver or other fancy trim. Hill's normal fees may be as low as \$325, for a very plain saddle not designed for heavy work, or as high as \$2,600, for one of his "Century" types—considered to be flawless and expected to last 100 years.

Hill makes other types besides the working saddle, the roping saddle and the riding saddle. He gets orders for saddles from barrel racers, cutting-horse riders and even saddle-bronc riders, and makes sure each type conforms to its own requirements.

He occasionally even gets an order from someone with a penchant for old-

style saddles, and then he might make one with a tall and narrow A-shaped fork and very high cantle—a design, Hill says, dating back to the 1800s.

There's more in the shapes of saddles than simply what works or looks the best. The basic shapes—the trees—of several saddles are named for famous rodeo cowboys, both living and dead, said either to have originated or at least favored certain styles. Some are:

The Bob Crosby, named for the roper from Roswell, New Mexico. He was killed in an automobile accident in 1947.

Another one honoring Everett Bowman, of Wickenburg, Arizona. He rodeoed in the 1920s and became a world champion all-round cowboy, with roping one of his main talents. He also was the first president of the Turtles Association, a forerunner of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association. Bowman died in a plane crash in 1971.

One named for Toots Mansfield, of Big Spring, Texas, another famous roper.

One named for Olin Young, of Peralta, New Mexico, also a roping cowboy.

And another style well known simply as the Oklahoma Roper.

Hill says his customers come to his shop from many of the United States: "I'd say dang near all of 'em." And many people, he says, come just to look and talk, including some who want to take in the sights along this stretch of old Route 66—and apparently consider his place one of the sights.

A man and his family from Indiana stopped by the shop once, and the man told Hill he had always wanted a horse and they just wanted to see what a saddle shop might look like.

Another stopped in the shop because he was driving from California to New York and decided, he told Hill, "I'm going to get off this interstate, and see Oklahoma." He seemed impressed with the saddle shop, and promised Hill that he'd come back.

A lot of folks do, Hill says.



Both Jim Etter and Jim Argo work for the Daily Oklahoman, Etter as a state reporter, Argo as a photographer.

Sooner Stained Glass:

THE CUTTING EDGE

JERRY POPPENHOUSE



By Scott Carlberg

Tulsa artist Cissy McCaa interpreted the skyline of her hometown in stained-glass panels for the Fourth Street lobby of the renovated Midcontinent Tower.

Many artists portray nature, whether in pictures of grand landscapes, sculptures of exquisite human forms or sketches of the world around us. No artist is in so close a partnership with nature, however, as the stained-glass artist, whose craft bends and refracts the very sunbeams themselves.

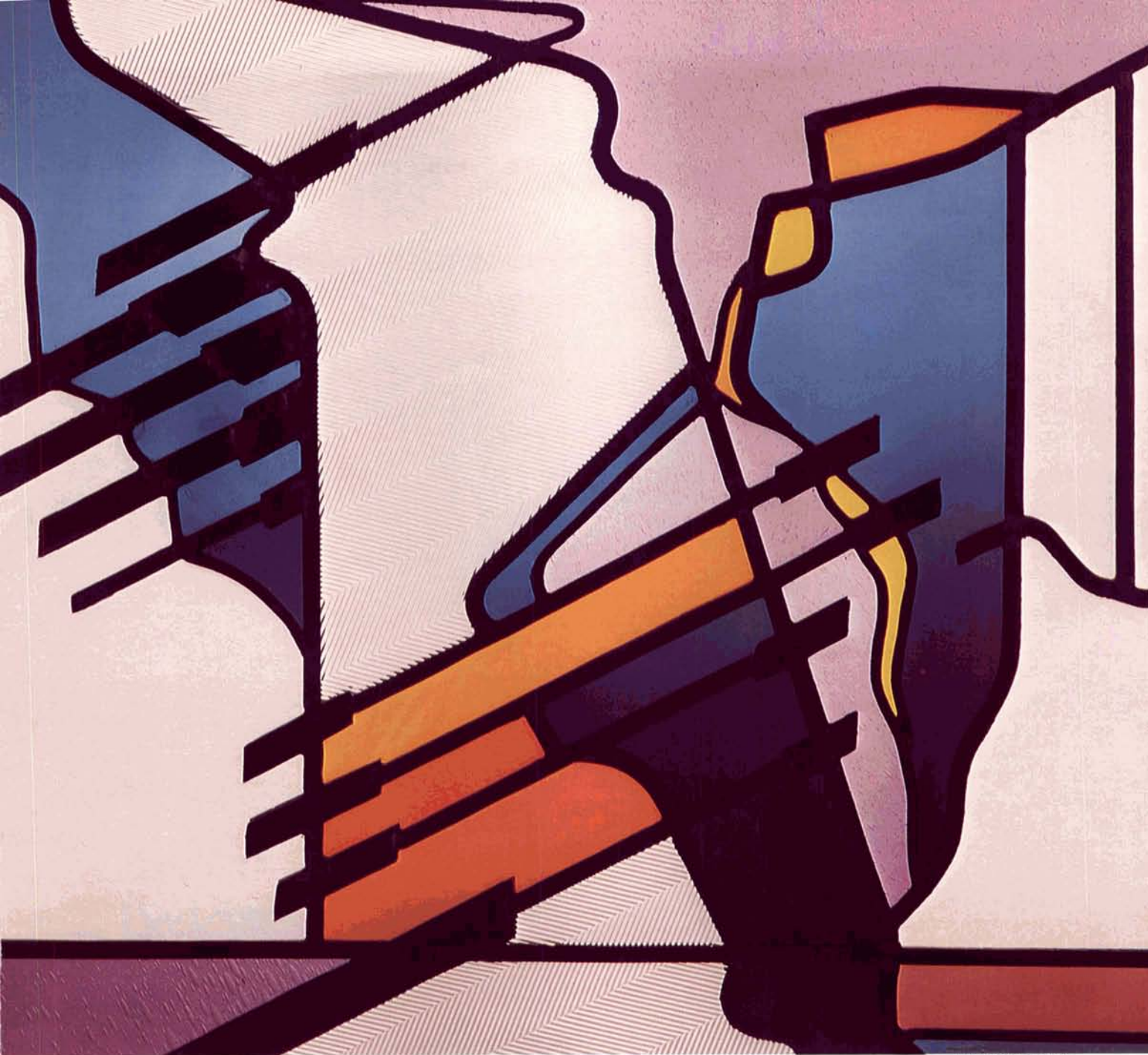
Stained-glass art is a burgeoning Oklahoma endeavor. Up to 5,000 Oklahomans are stained-glass artists or hobbyists. In the past several years, stained glass has been increasingly used in the state's public buildings and

private homes. For instance, Tulsa's Midcontinent Tower has a stained-glass city skyline in its lobby, Midwest City's Central Fire Station has a contemporary glass artwork, a Broken Arrow convent has a new abstract crucifixion in glass, a Bartlesville physician has a stained-glass hillside in his home's foyer, and Edmond and Ardmore restaurants are generously decorated with stained and etched glass.

Why? One artist says that stained glass represents a return to a happier, simpler life. "People are trying to get

back to their roots," says glass artisan Marilyn Adams of Edmond. "We live in a modern age, with lots of computers and calculators, but what makes people happy is their home life. In Oklahoma, I think the homes are really expressing that in stained glass." Adams used her art-education degree to teach for 11 years, then she decided to create art, not teach it. That was five years ago. Today she operates a studio, Draegon Gate, in Edmond, with her husband—also a stained-glass artist.

The surge in Oklahoma stained glass



JERRY POPPENHOUSE

has also been credited to the rugged individualism of Oklahomans.

"Oklahoma people are self-reliant. There's a strong do-it-yourself attitude," says Jim Kudlacek, a Tulsa stained-glass artist and supplier at Merry Go Round Stained Glass. Kudlacek is a 16-year veteran of the art and has taught the mechanics of stained glass to thousands of people in the region.

Oklahomans *are* doing it themselves. The stained-glass revival began a decade ago on both coasts, but the ensuing years have found Sooner artists

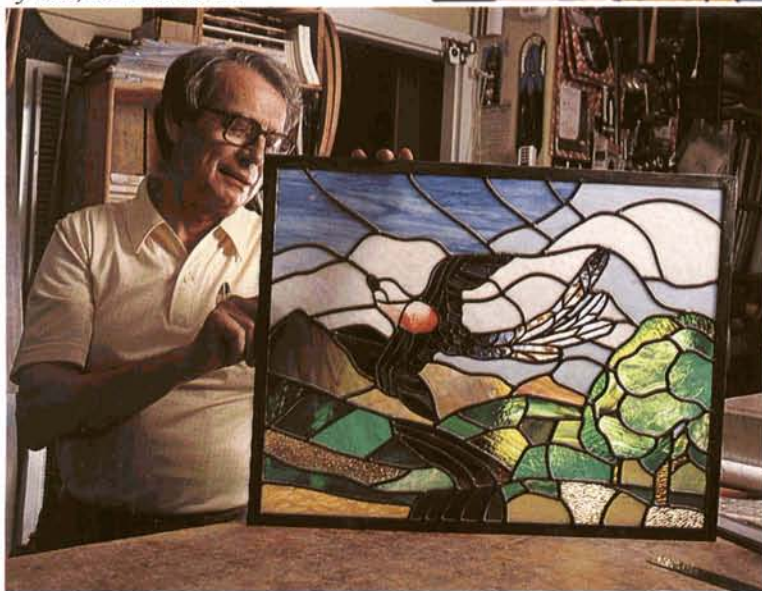


McCaa says her first love is abstract creation, like her "Oklahoma Thunderstorm," above. She's now breaking into 3-D stained glass.

designing Oklahoma-style stained-glass images instead of following the pictures out of pattern books from California or New York. An artform almost a thousand years old is being given new shades of meaning by a 77-year-old state. "Oklahoma has its youth," says Marilyn Adams. "We still believe that we can do anything we want to. We have a lot of individualism. We're not tied down



*Most of
Bob Conner's
commissions are for
pastoral scenes. He also
works with Oklahoma
symbols, like the scissortail.*



JERRY POPPENHOUSE

with freeways and congestion. We still have our freedom."

Adams proves that Oklahoma stained-glass crafters can do anything. Her studio testifies to her diversity of styles. She creates images you'd never expect to see treated in glass—Native American work, for instance. "Thunderbird" is the name she gives an energetic window of corals, turquoises and blacks. Its strength is in its smooth, uncomplicated lines, or, as Adams says, "the beauty of natural things. The Indian's artwork expresses it a lot more than we do. We overpolish, put in a lot of frou-frou. Their lines are simple. Their colors are earth tones and natural colors."

From simple lines to the skyline of the town that oil built. . . . Tulsa's profile has a stained-glass portrait created by Tulsa artist Cissy McCaa. McCaa, who uses her degrees in fine arts and glass design to create vibrant contemporary glasswork, has been a stained-glass artist for 14 years. The revampers of the 1918-vintage Midcontinent

Tower asked McCaa for a mural that would spread Oklahoma across their entryway. Now their Fourth Street lobby has a six-panel, 150-square-foot glass interpretation of the Tulsa skyline as seen from the west bank of the Arkansas River. "We went through a long design process," says McCaa. "They [the clients] were very involved. They wanted a window for the majority of the population that would walk into that building."

McCaa's first love, and most of her work, is abstract creation. Still, it has an Oklahoma brand. For instance, "Oklahoma Thunderstorm" is a contemporary abstraction with various thicknesses of leads and a bouquet of colors. "I'm a strong linear design person," she says. "In stained glass, line is the underlying design element. I always start with a line design; then interplay different sizes of leading as a design first. Then I do a value study—a study of glass shading—then the distribution of warms and cools. Color is the last thing involved in the design process for me."

McCaa is a perfect example of creative individualism. She's now experimenting in another dimension: 3D stained glass, which looks beyond the flat window toward one that reaches out to the viewer. "I'm really breaking away from the flat plane. I started my 3D work simply by soldering together two planes," McCaa says. She has added twists and turns to the artwork by eliminating solder altogether and using bolts

and glue to join glass at a variety of angles. The result is a hybrid artform: a cross between stained glass and sculpture. McCaa's 3D works mark a step forward in Oklahoma's impact on stained glass, since they give a regional touch not only in the image of the glass, but in the very form of it, too.

For all the skylines, Indian motifs and abstracts, a favorite stained-glass image is still the land. Oklahomans seem to find reassurance and stability in the rolling horizons of the state. Bartlesville artist Bob Conner spent a whole month melding a five-by-over-two-foot panel of a brook tumbling down an eastern Oklahoma hillside. "I wanted to create a mood with a combination of colors, shading and glass surfaces," Conner says. "I want the viewer to feel the effects of the cool stream and to sense the smell of the delicate pink flowers. It's the kind of scene you'd see in the Osage Hills or near the Ouachitas." Conner began his stained-glass work fulltime after retiring as supervisor of a large machine shop. His years of precision tooling are reflected in his meticulous glass art.

Oklahoma's imprint on stained glass comes largely from landscapes, according to Conner. "The commissions I receive tend to the pastoral-type scenes," he says. "The challenge is to create a mood by a combination of glass colors and surfaces. It's quite a challenge because glass changes with the place it's hung and the angle of the sun. Not long ago, I set up a camera and took a picture of a stained-glass window once each hour. I was amazed how the window changed throughout the day." Stained glass is an artform of ever-altering nuances.

Even perceiving stained glass as an artform is a change for many people, who usually think of it as a craft—a labor of cutting glass (and occasional fingertips), melting solder and putting it all in a frame. Stained glass is more than that. Stained glass is a medium of composition as well as cutting glass, of feelings as well as tin and lead, of style as much as slaving over a workbench.

"I want the viewer to feel the effects of the cool stream and to sense the smell of the delicate pink flowers," Conner says. "It's the kind of scene you'd see in the Osage Hills or near the Ouachitas."



STEVE SISNEY



STEVE SISNEY

In her "Thunderbird," Marilyn Adams uses Native American colors and design elements to express what she calls "the beauty of natural things."

Marilyn and Gary Adams create artworks from stained glass, beveled glass—and carved, etched glass, which is produced by delicate sandblasting.

Marilyn Adams knows several media. She's a painter, sculptor and stained-glass artisan. "I'm an emotional artist," she says, "and I have realized that the real use of color and light is in stained glass. It's a medium that will move into the front of the art world. It's pure expression of beauty. I'm always looking for beauty and truth, then reinterpreting it in stained glass."

Reinterpretation of a scene. That's when stained glass gets an Oklahoma accent. When an idea for a window filters through the mind of an artist who lives in the Anadarko Basin, at the Ozark foothills or on the wavy northern Oklahoma grasslands, the window transmits not only an Oklahoma scene,

but Oklahoma values, too.

"I hope that being a designer and artist I could come up with a creative and innovative use of stained glass that would be responsive of our life, time and society," says Cissy McCaa, "but artists usually reflect society and what's going on in their daily lives and what's going on in their environment. Even if they don't want to do it on a conscious level, *they are* affected by it, and I think that art is a response to it."

Oklahoma artists and audiences seem to respond with joy to stained glass. There's no taking back the mark our state has left on the artform. Perhaps it's because stained glass is probably the most participative of all the artforms

today. In other words, the consumer is a critical part of the design process. For instance, the Midcontinent Tower remodelers wanted a colorful Tulsa skyline. An Ardmore oil company commissioned a stylistic slice of the earth. Even the Tulsa Roughnecks soccer team had their logo crafted in glass for their front office.

Jim Kudlacek puts it this way: "Oklahomans can't find what they want in the pattern books from the coast, so they're making their own. There's more commission work. The people of the sunbelt are enjoying the sun doing some of the artwork." 

Scott Carlberg lives and works in Bartlesville.

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PANHANDLE PEOPLE

Photographs by
Nancy Leonard

"I'll never forget my feelings as I first traveled through Western Oklahoma 17 years ago. The stark, barren openness of the plains was so unlike the bountiful rolling meadows and green forests I loved as a child in northern Illinois. It didn't take long for me to realize, however, that this vast country is rich in its land and people. From the lawlessness of No Man's Land, the fierce, destructive blizzards of the teens and the dust storms of the '30s, the settlers developed an independent spirit and loyalty that one can still sense today. These men and women are survivors, the last pioneers of the Old West. Genuine, courageous, rugged individuals, intensely proud of their past, they possess a quiet strength that comes from the realization of who they are and where they've been.

"As the years passed, I met and became friends with many of the 'old-timers.' I was fascinated by their ability to relate, in great detail, the experiences they encountered as young men and women in a new land. Their stories were humorous, entertaining and historically interesting. I was saddened to realize that when they are gone, my children and others would miss knowing them. What started as a casual interest in photography soon went far beyond a desire to take pictures. Preserving their words became an obsession with me, and I traveled throughout the Panhandle with my tape recorder, seeking to meet as many of the first settlers as possible. I wanted to learn of their families, their thoughts, their feelings, their dreams. There were many with whom I felt a real bond of friendship, a closeness that can exist only when life's intimate experiences are shared. . . . It is to these hearty individuals that we owe our heritage. My life has been deeply enriched by theirs."

Nancy Leonard



Tal Redimer, Duck Pond Creek

"I was born in a dugout right here where I live now. Along about Christmas-time one year, it caught on fire somehow and burned all three rooms.

"When we first settled up, people would come and haul water. We had a well on our place with them pulleys. They'd fill one barrel for the house and they'd go down to the creek and dip the water out there for the milk cows and horses."



Nancy Farrell, Clearlake

"We just lived, that's all. If anyone needed anything done, we all turned out and everybody helped if we could. A lot of people think all of that was terrible, but it was nothin' bad. I had fun. Them people got along just as well as they do today as far as I can see.

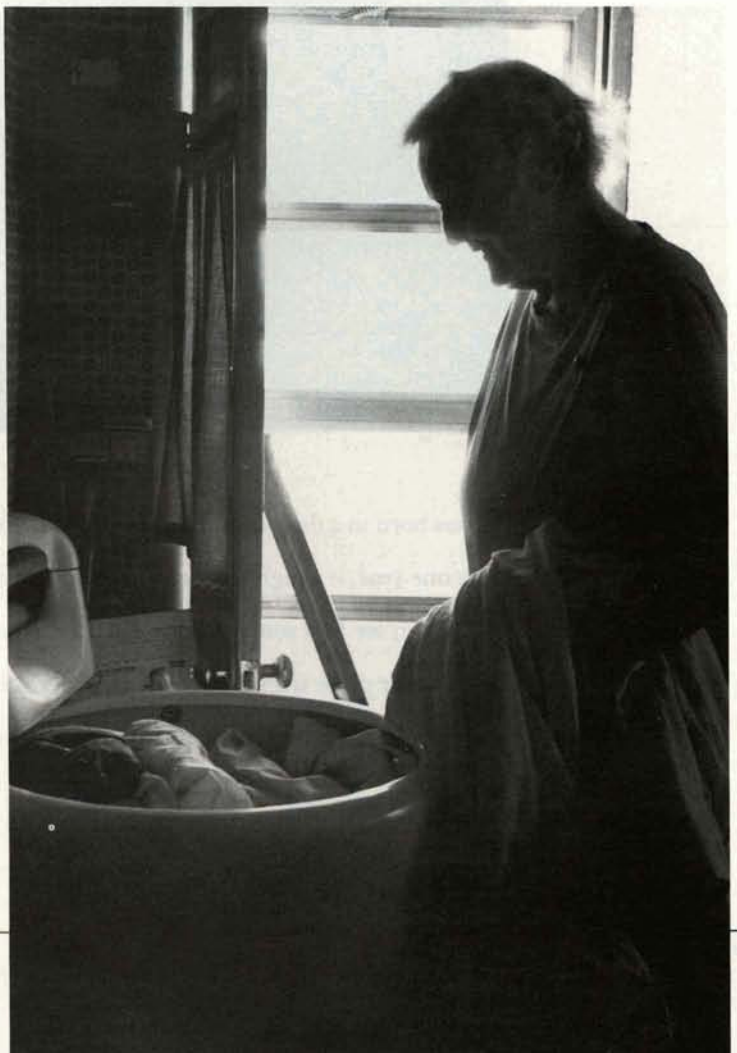
"They asked me if I'd take the switchboard, and I said, 'Well, I didn't know nothin' about it, but I'd try.' We had just 15 people is all we had. The first long-distance call I ever made, I called Woolwines at Liberal. I still got that ticket in a lard can on top of this house. I stayed here Sunday and all the time. I didn't never leave because if anything hadda went wrong or took place or somebody got bad, I'd a been here. I tell you, I was here 24 years before I was ever in a store in Beaver City. I'm not the kind of person that likes to travel around all the time, no ma'am."

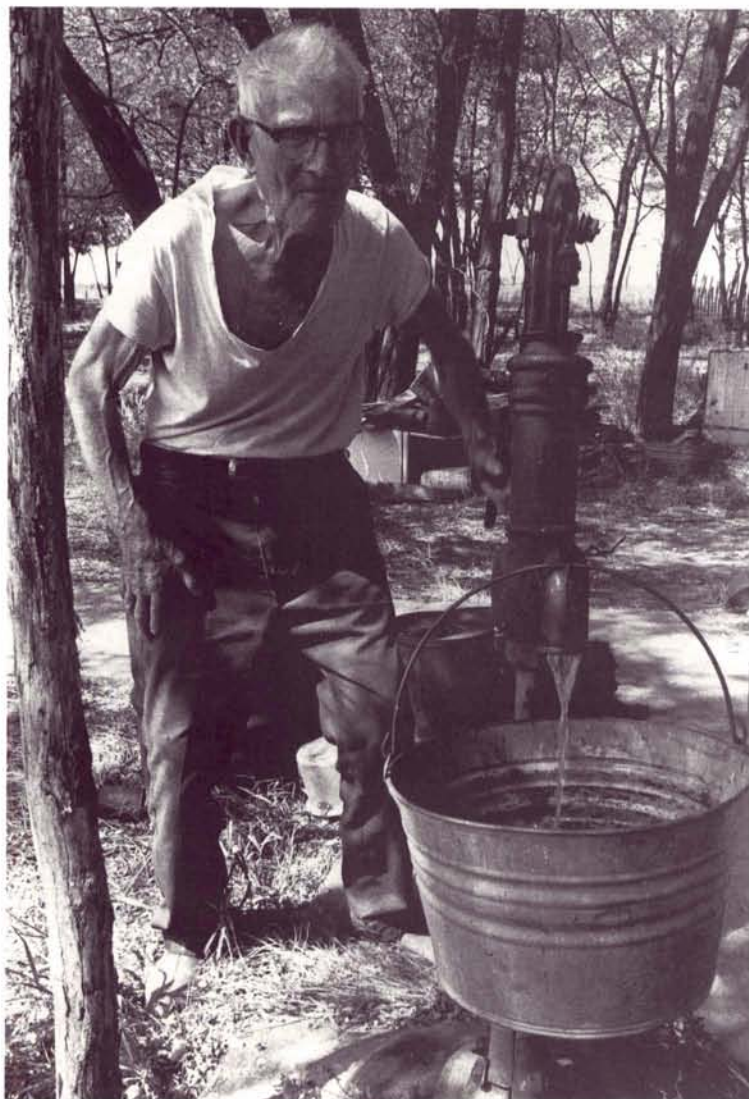
"I had 10 children. There ain't nothin' better than raisin' a

family if you can just get 'em to do what you want. I whupped my kids like fury. I tell you, sometimes

I think it was kinda mean of me. I wish now I hadn't a-done it. I think they'da got along just as well. I'd just whup 'em, and if I told 'em to do anything they'd better do it, and that was the way it was. I can tell you what an old travelin' man told me. He said, 'Don't keep these children always tied onto your apron strings. Yes, I know they got to be taught all right and be taught right and wrong.

But,' he said, 'you got to let 'em try their own wings or they can't never get nowhere. '"





Charlie Dunn, Clearlake

"Most of the time, why, we done gardenin' and fishin'. We'd go down to the pond and probably catch 30 or 40 fish. Come in and dress 'em and fry 'em and go back maybe the next day and do it over again.

"We used to trap in the wintertime quite a bit. Catch skunks. We'd render the lard out, and that's what we used for medicine."

Alice Hendricks, Beaver

"I was a rip-snortin' little kid. I just tore around and ran and would go without my coat. I was always wantin' to do somethin'. I'm 88 years old, and I still don't sit around much. I lie down on the bed and think, 'Well, I'll rest.' I'm just as wide awake as I can be when I lie down. There's just so many things I want to do."





Charles Berends, near Gate

"I've lived a good, full, happy life. Always enjoyed the beauties of life, the beauty of the country. Gettin' along with my neighbors was always real important to me. I never did get married. For one thing, I was always too bashful, too shy. Another reason, I was kinda afraid of my judgment. If I ever got married, I wanted to stay married."



Mary Stafford, Clearlake

"The old settlers here, they visited each other so much. If they took a notion to come and see you, spend a Sunday and eat dinner with you, why, they never thought anything about just drivin' in on ya. You didn't think anything about it either. You fixed what you had and made them feel welcome. We was glad to see 'em."



Tom Judy, near Forgan

"It was in the spring of 1886 that my folks came from Anthony, Kansas, to settle down on the Kiowa. My mother was the first white woman on that part of the creek.

"It was the rule of the country that no matter who came along, why they were welcome to stay all night and be fed. They'd never charge anything for it. Oh, it was disgraceful to have your house locked. Someone might need to get something to eat or if it was bad weather, might want to come in to keep from freezing to death. We'd been away at times and come back and find people in the house who we'd never seen before. We never lost anything by anybody taking it."



Lester and Lee Imel, Forgan

"People said they had such hard times, but we didn't know we was havin' a hard time.

"Our families just lived a mile and a half apart, and us kids all grew up together. He always said I was gonna be his. I didn't know what he was sayin', of course." *The Imels celebrated their 68th wedding anniversary last October.*

RED RIVER

By Jane Beckman

She's a formidable, mercurial lady, that river, prone to be wild and quarrelsome—and treacherous to those who try to cross her. In her beginnings in the foothills of the Rockies she appears a gentle, playful youngster. But inconsistency is her trademark. So don't let her fool you.

By the time Red River reaches the arid, flat plains of the Texas Panhandle she has grown to a strong, willful adolescent already leaving her mark on the landscape, cutting 500 to 800 feet deep to make the Palo Duro Canyon.

Beyond the Texas plains, in southwest Oklahoma, she meets her first major tributary, the North Fork of the Red. She's a mature river now and ready to take on a distinct personality as she passes through the Wichita Mountains. Here she picks up clay soil and minerals, producing the rusty tint that promoted early Spanish explorers to christen her Rio Rojo—Red River.

Once past the mountains she seems less certain of her way. She zigzags through the rough, broken country and narrows to a sandy-bottomed channel. On down in Cross Timbers country and later through the black prairie lands she broadens, slows her pace, becomes the dignified, slow-moving matron.

East of the 96th meridian, which crosses the river in Bryan County, rainfall comes more abundantly, and she takes to fancy dressing. She lines her banks with tall oaks and sycamores, with wild dewberries and drooping willows. She carpets the banks of her tributaries with the azures, scarlets and golds of bluebonnets, Indian paintbrush and sunflowers.

By the time Red River leaves Oklahoma she is an old lady. She visits Arkansas and retires to the gentler climate of Louisiana, passing her days leisurely until she finds her Nirvana in the broad, smooth Mississippi waters.

Moderation has never been her watchword. There's always too much water in Red River—or not enough. Cotton County, where I grew up, sits on Red River about a third of the way

along the river's stretch of Texas-Oklahoma border. As a child, riding to Wichita Falls across the U.S. 281 bridge, the game was to catch a glimpse of water *somewhere* below the mile-long expanse. But Red River is also known for her floods. Let a heavy rain come and suddenly she swells and threatens life and property. Efforts have been made to tame the lady. Denison Dam, built for flood control, also created Lake Texoma recreation area.

She's never been a good river for shipping—for the most part navigable only below Fulton, Arkansas. But there was a period in her history when steamboats plied her waters up into the Indian Territory.

The bridges built to span her have suffered her caprices, too, and most built across her have met the same fate: They were washed away in one storm or another.

She's had her other exciting moments, such as the Bridge War of 1931, when Gov. "Alfalfa Bill" Murray proclaimed martial law because he thought Texas was violating Oklahoma's southern boundary. Oklahoma National Guardsmen and Texas Rangers confronted each other across the Denison bridge. The matter went to court, where Murray's claim to the south bank was upheld, and the bridge reopened.

The history of the river as a boundary is basically a history of disputes. It started back in 1819, with Secretary of State John Quincy Adams and Spanish minister Onís arguing over exactly what territory the United States had bought from France in the Louisiana Purchase. Adams wangled an unusual provision: The U.S. border was the *south* bank of the main channel of the Red.

The first boundary trouble concerned just which channel was the main one. Of course, it wasn't the river's fault the treaty between Spain and the U.S. was made before the headwaters of the Red had been mapped. In the 1850s, Capt. R. B. Marcy, the river's official explorer, contributed to the later

confusion by inadvertently exploring the North Fork rather than the main channel. His assistant, George B. McClellan, added an extra kink when he calculated the 100th meridian *one* degree east of its true location.

So in the late 1800s, when Texas claimed the area south of the North Fork, it took a Supreme Court decision to set the Texas-Oklahoma boundary along the south fork. That gave some million and a half acres to Oklahoma Territory.

The two states next fell out over just where in the main channel the *true* boundary fell. The reason for this disagreement was the 1918 boom in the Burkburnett oilfield. Much of the oil lay below the riverbed, and Texas said her boundary extended to the median point between the two river banks. Oklahoma held to the Adams-Onís boundary. This dispute also ended up in the Supreme Court; again Oklahoma was the *winner*, when the state's south boundary was set at the south "cut bank," giving much of the riverbed to Oklahoma.

Now, 60 years later, boundary troubles have flared again. A Texas family lost 800 acres of alluvial bottomland in a court case initiated by an Oklahoma businessman. In a 1984 lawsuit, two Oklahoma families *are* claiming 700 acres that three Texas families have farmed, ranched and paid taxes on for more than 50 years.

Red River has always been an inspiration for songwriters. There's the folk song "Red River Valley," of course. But the river also provided inspiration for the well-known "Swing-Low, Sweet Chariot." The spiritual was composed by Uncle Wallace, an old slave who belonged to Britt Willis, a landowner in the vicinity of Doaksville in the Choctaw Nation. When Uncle Wallace was writing about looking over Jordan to see "a band of angels coming after me!," he was actually gazing out over Red River. ☐

Jane Beckman is a free-lance writer who lives in Walters, 15 miles from Red River.

SONGS OF GLORY

MEDIEVAL
ART
FROM 900 TO 1500



OKLAHOMA MUSEUM OF ART

JANUARY 22 - APRIL 29, 1985

SONGS OF GLORY: MEDIEVAL ART FROM 900 TO 1500

JANUARY 22 - APRIL 29, 1985

It was the time of the crusades, of Henry II and Saint Louis, of the great cathedrals and of the Black Death. It was the time of a religious fervor and ecclesiastical power equalled only by a storm of artistic creativity that spread throughout the European Continent and gave birth to some of man's most memorable aesthetic achievements. Medieval artistic history is like a magnificent tapestry on which many figures — some splendid, some humble, and some sinister — appear against a shadowy background. An inscription gives to some a name or a story; many, however, remain nameless and unknown. Yet all exist against the pageantry of the period and are represented through time by the splendor of their artistic legacy.

MAN ON A LION
13th Century, Flemish
Bronze
Courtesy: Walters Art Gallery



STAINED GLASS ROUNDEL
15th Century, German
Courtesy: Blumka Gallery

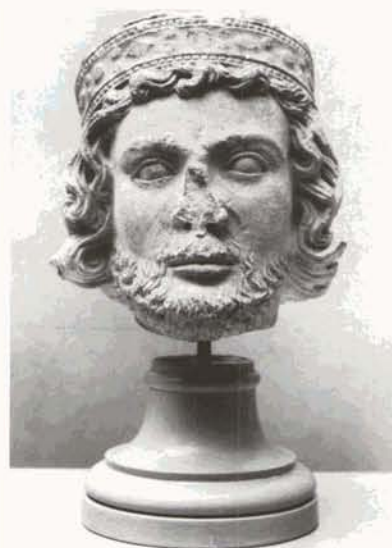


originality left a legacy of beauty that survived for centuries. Seen against a background of ecclesiastical domination, and the evolution of feudal society, the art of the middle ages decorated places of worship, illustrated the power of the church and pervaded almost all aspects of secular and religious life. Stained glass, ivories, jewelry, manuscript illuminations, cloisonne, bronze and stone sculptures, paintings, prints, drawings, arms and armor, tapestries



PHYLLIS RIDING THE BACK OF ARISTOTLE
c. 1400, French
Bronze, Aquamanile
Courtesy: The Robert Lehman Collection,
Metropolitan Museum of Art

This incredible legacy will be represented in SONGS OF GLORY: MEDIEVAL ART FROM 900 TO 1500 opening at the Oklahoma Museum of Art on January 22, 1985. Organized by the Oklahoma Museum of Art and brought together from over 30 different public and private collections throughout the United States, SONGS OF GLORY includes some 200 of the finest examples of medieval art in this country. In this rare and unique exhibition, Oklahomans will be provided an opportunity to experience the superb craftsmanship, the stylistic and symbolic innovations of artists whose creativity and



HEAD OF A KING
13th Century,
Limestone
Courtesy: Bowdoin College Museum of Art



MONSTRANCE with relic
c. 1400, German
Courtesy: Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art

and vestments exemplify the incredible achievements of our medieval past.

Ivories depicting scenes of courtly love, sculpture from the facades of Europe's great cathedrals, tapestries illustrating sporting events, chalices of gold, silver and crystal, reliquaries in the form of gothic cathedrals, and brilliantly illuminated manuscripts are just a small part of the majesty and magnificence included in *SONGS OF GLORY*. The works on view come from such renowned collections as The Cloisters and the Robert Lehman Collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, The Seattle Art Museum, The Cincinnati Art Museum, The Detroit Institute of Art, The Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art, The Dallas Museum of Fine Art, The Phillips Collection,

The National Gallery of Art, The Pierpont-Morgan Library and The Fine Arts Museum of San Francisco.

In addition to producing a catalog and posters, the Oklahoma Museum of Art has also planned many special events, including symposiums, lectures, a film series, and live performances, designed to illustrate and interpret the art of the middle ages.

The Oklahoma Museum of Art is rapidly becoming this region's finest general art museum, offering exhibitions and programs which feature art of various centuries and periods. The museum's own permanent collections range from the 15th through the 20th centuries, and include such old masters as Albrecht Durer, Rembrandt van Rijn, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Gilbert Stuart and Auguste Renoir, as well as 19th and 20th century masters Thomas Hart Benton, Tiffany, Thomas Moran and Whistler.

OMA's exhibitions, attended by approximately 80,000 people annually, are renowned locally as well as nationally. Working in close cooperation with major museums and private collections throughout the United States, The Oklahoma Museum



WILD YOUTH ON A VINE
Late 15th Century, Switzerland
Wool Tapestry
Courtesy: Blumka Gallery

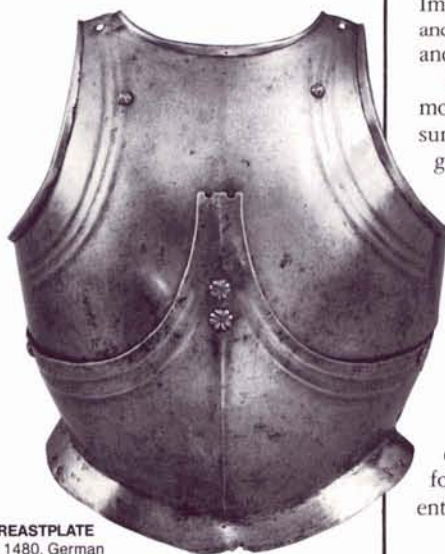


DIPTYCH
14th Century, French
Ivory
Courtesy: Detroit Institute of Arts

of Art has organized exhibitions of Impressionism, the Renaissance and Baroque periods, and contemporary and Native American works.

Housed in one of Oklahoma's most exquisite mansions and surrounded by 7½ acres of sculptured gardens, the Oklahoma Museum of Art is located at 7316 Nichols Road in North Oklahoma City. Information on advance ticket sales or group tours is available by calling the museum at 840-5603.

SONGS OF GLORY, on view from January 22 through April 29, promises to be one of the most important and exciting cultural events of 1985, for Oklahomans and indeed the entire region.



BREASTPLATE
c. 1480, German
Steel
Courtesy: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Arms and Armor Department



SONGS OF GLORY: Medieval Art from 900 to 1500

A unique and original experience like many others in the past and future of the Oklahoma Museum of Art



TABERNACLE
Early 14th Century, French
Ivory, with traces of old paint
Courtesy: Metropolitan Museum of Art

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Built as a residence in the late 1930's, history and tradition continue at the Oklahoma Museum of Art.



LEAF FROM A MISSAL,
illuminated manuscript page
15th Century, Austria
Courtesy: Pierpont Morgan Library



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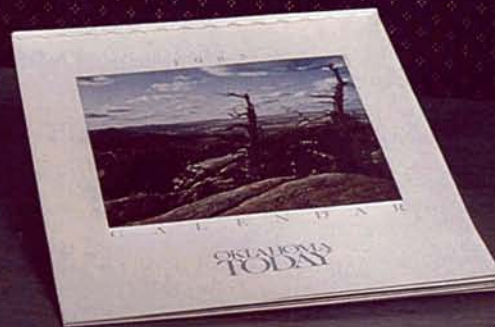
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"Old soldiers never die; They only fade away."

—War Song, British Army

In Oklahoma City, surrounded by chrome and glass buildings, is a monolith that serves as a monument to uncommon warriors from ordinary places.

Here the stark prairie sun is shaded by the shadows of time and memories are sacred. People come to this place to remember moments of combat not meant for human eyes but for the gods of war, and they pause to honor the dead heroes who appeased those gods.

Often older men, veterans of World War II and Korea, go to the memorial. They come on their lunch hours or on their way through town or when there's a reunion of old soldiers. They stand serene as priests and gaze at the simple inscription chiseled in the granite: *45th Infantry Division*. Some of them smile as they brush their fingers across the cold stone. Some weep. A few even salute.

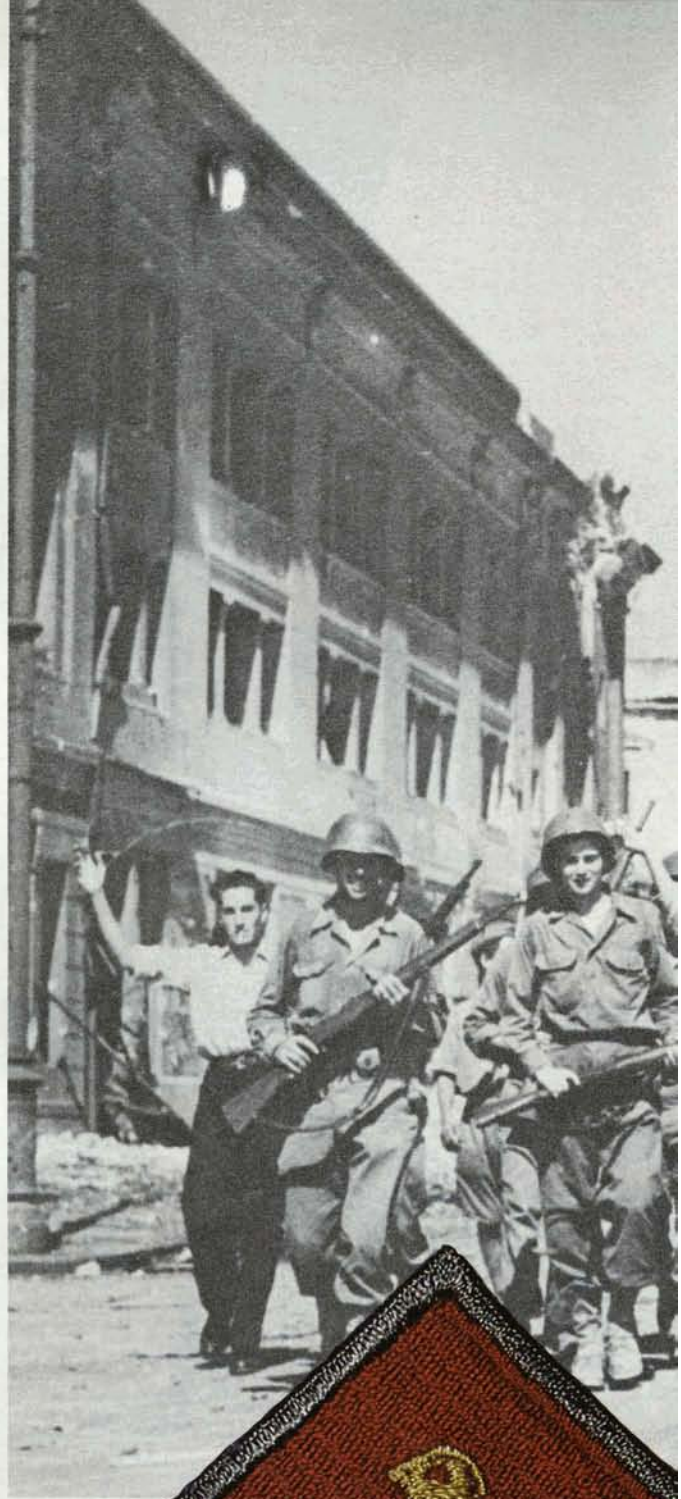
This monument to all of the men, in both peace and war, who served in the fabled 45th Infantry Division is topped by the figure of a Thunderbird. It's an important symbol, and it comforts those who pause to silently recite prayers.

In Indian mythology, some tribes feared the Thunderbird, but many Southwestern Indians believed the great creature brought good luck. They said thunder came from the movement of its powerful wings and that the arrows grasped in its talons were hurled earthward as lightning. Some believed the Thunderbird could even flash lightning from its eyes and mouth. All knew that the Thunderbird brought them life-sustaining rain.

Certain Indians told the story of an underwater panther with supernatural power. This "great lynx" lurked in streams and lakes and was terrifying because it dragged people into its submerged den. But luckily the water monster was terrified of thunder, the noise made by the Thunderbird when it protected the Indians. A quilled Thunderbird design brought the wearer success in war and protection from the revenge of the mythical panther.

It was the Thunderbird that became the insignia of the 45th, a striking emblem that distinguished this divi-

The 45th Division fought some of the toughest battles of World War II, including the bloody struggle for Anzio beach. The large photograph, opposite, shows a triumphal march through Anzio. Small pictures, left to right, show the famous Thunderbird patch, a map of the division's fights in Europe—and a cartoon by the most famous Thunderbird, Bill Mauldin.

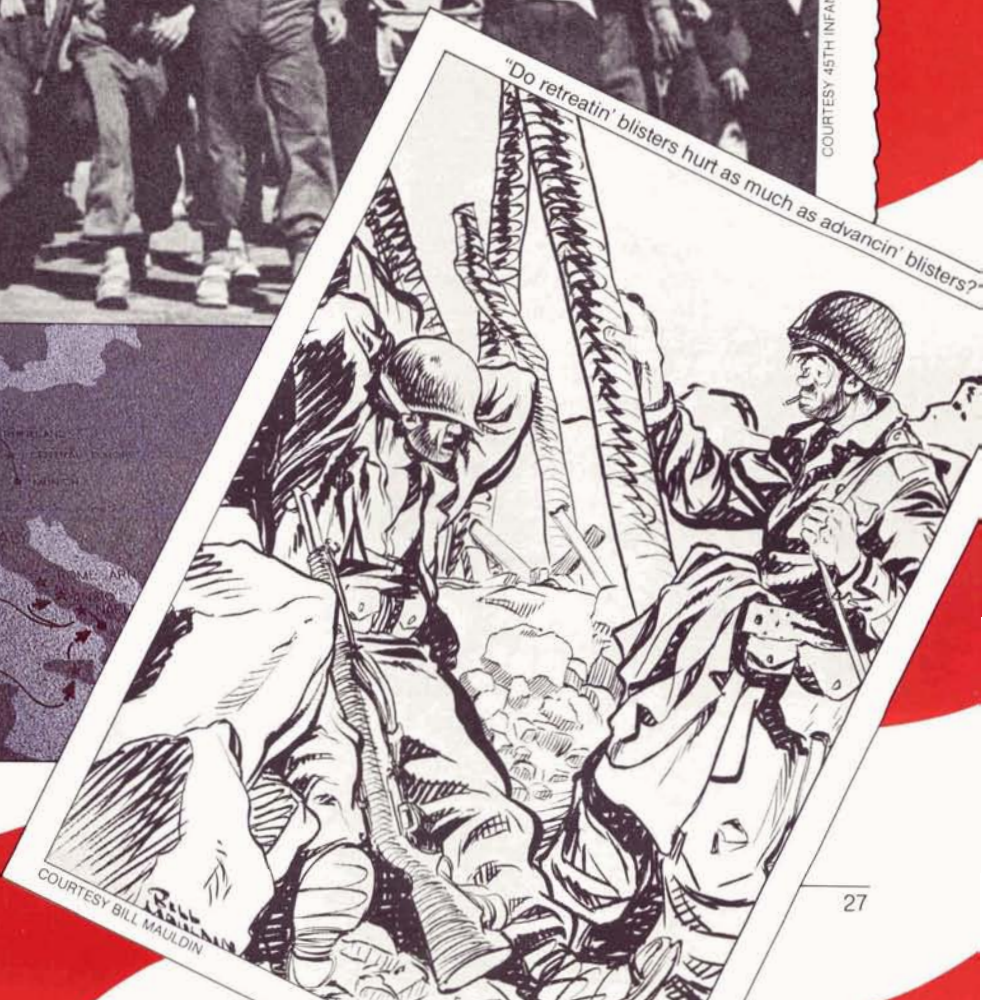


By Michael Wallis
Photographs by Terrence Moore

THESE COLORS DON'T RUN



COURTESY 45TH INFANTRY DIV MUSEUM



"Do retreatin' blisters hurt as much as advancin' blisters?"



COURTESY 45TH INFANTRY DIV. MUSEUM

Above. Every year in Oklahoma City soldiers of the 45th who served in peace and war gather to fight the old battles and strengthen the old friendships.

Left. To recoin a phrase, there were no atheists on the beach at Anzio. Chaplins Morris, Barry and Carney pause near the chapel dugout. The 45th landed in late January 1944—and held until the breakout began on May 23.

sion from all other units. With hundreds of Indians serving in its ranks as the 45th set out across the Atlantic to battle Nazi Germany, it was entirely appropriate that this symbol of luck and protection—a golden bird with outstretched wings against a red background—adorned each shoulder patch.

Each side of the square patch represented the four states—Oklahoma, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico—that had originally given men to the division, and the old Spanish colors stood for the Hispanic heritage of those states. But most prominent was the golden bird, and it was from that figure that the 45th took its nickname—the Thunderbird Division.

A plaque at the 45th Infantry Division Monument bears the words of Gen. H. J. D. Meyers, taken from his farewell address to the division as it was deactivated on Dec. 7, 1945 at Camp Bowie, Texas:

Whatever destiny may hold in store for our great country, and however long that country's military history may continue, readers in the future will search long before finding a chapter more

brilliant than that written by the quill that was dipped in the blood of the Thunderbirds.

The 45th Infantry Division. The Fighting 45th. The Thunderbirds.

No matter what they were called, this remarkable division, comprised largely of Oklahoma National Guardsmen, sod busters, city dudes, clerks, bank tellers, school teachers and others from every station of life, left a brilliant record of achievement as citizen soldiers.

From the early '20s, when the 45th was organized, the division served state and nation for more than 45 years before being reduced to brigade status in 1968.

It was never a glamorous outfit. It was pure infantry. Doughboys. GIs. Dogfaces. Grunts. Standard-issue citizen turned combat soldier. Bricklayers and college students who came to know the tragedy and destruction, as well as the dull routine, of war. Troops who day after day listened to thundering guns, roaring planes, the staccato of rifle and machine-gun fire and exploding shells and grenades. Working stiffs from Muskogee and



Some 40 years after Anzio, men from Battery C, 171 Field Artillery Battalion of the 45th are reunited with their "Miracle Boy," Sylvester Jagodowski. Left to right: George Claus, Fred Newell, Clyde Carter, Jesse Ferrell, Jagodowski and Arthur Masten—and a captured Nazi flag.

Tahlequah, fresh-faced kids from Atoka and Guymon who learned to live and die in a world of mud and rain, trenchfoot and blisters, barbed wire and foxholes, minefields and snipers. Chili pickers, sheep herders, cowboys from both drug store and ranch filled the ranks of the Thunderbirds.

They joined the marching armies, watched ancient cities ablaze and almost became accustomed to the smell of death.

Cato, the Roman philosopher, said that an agricultural population always produces "the bravest men, the most valiant soldiers, and a class of citizens the least given of all to evil designs." He must have been thinking of Oklahoma farm boys.

Most of the accounts of the division are from the 45th's participation in World War II and Korea. Official records for the earlier years are sketchy.

The Division's battle record at Anzio, in Sicily, on "Old Baldy," at Monterhouse and at all the other battlegrounds of Western Europe and Korea are legend. But

the roots of the "Fighting 45th" go much deeper.

The story of Oklahoma's citizen soldier began long before territorial days. The colonial militias back east were just thinking about forming by the time the Great Plains Indians had their own group of "soldiers" to defend the tribes, and later Indian militias were founded by the Five Civilized Tribes in Indian Territory. These "lighthorsemen," as some were known, were the first citizen soldiers in what is now Oklahoma.

In 1890, when the Oklahoma Territory was organized, the legislature quickly formed a territorial militia. Five years later it became the Oklahoma Territory National Guard, consisting of cavalry troops, artillery batteries and, last but not least, infantry companies.

Because the legislature did not appropriate funds for the volunteers, the recruits not only offered their service, but also were expected to provide their own clothing, food and, if one was handy, a gun.

Many of these militia volunteers were some of the first to see action in 1898 when the Spanish-American

War erupted. Congress passed legislation allowing National Guard units to serve as state units in the Army. The first U.S. Volunteer Cavalry was mustered from Arizona Territory, New Mexico Territory, Oklahoma Territory and Indian Territory. Recruited by Col. Leonard Wood and later commanded by Lt. Col. Theodore Roosevelt, the troop was called the Rough Riders, because of its cowboy background.

Troop D from Oklahoma Territory and Troops L and M from Indian Territory trained at San Antonio, Texas, before joining the Army in Florida, where preparations were underway to invade Cuba. Once on the Caribbean island, the Oklahoma troops wasted no time. The Rough Riders' most famous exploit during its four-month stint in Cuba was the charge up San Juan Hill.

The cavalry regiment from Oklahoma Territory serving with the Rough Riders suffered 128 casualties—23 killed and 105 wounded during the short but furious war. Following the brief interlude with the Spanish, federal allotments doubled and the territorial legislature expanded its support of the local troops.

Then on Nov. 16, 1907, with statehood, the Oklahoma National Guard was born. Between 1907 and the entry of the U.S. into World War I, the Oklahoma National Guard was called upon to help the new state with growing pains and in times of trouble, such as the Crazy Snake Rebellion of 1909 when Col. (later Maj. Gen.) Roy Hoffman led a detachment of the guard to Okmulgee and McIntosh counties to quell a disturbance in the old Creek Indian Nation.

In the spring of 1916, the Oklahoma Guard was pressed into federal service to chase Pancho Villa and his bandit-soldiers on the Mexican border. Along with other state militia units, the Oklahomans served as part of a federalized force until relations with Mexico improved and the border force could return home in 1917.

The lessons learned on the border were soon put to good use. Less than one month after being mustered out, the Oklahomans were federalized again. This time the mission was more challenging and the stakes higher. It was the war to end all wars—World War I. The Yanks were coming, and that included a division of Okies with fixed bayonets and rifles at the ready.

Merged with the Texas National Guard, Oklahoma's citizen soldiers became part of the 36th National Guard Division and served with distinction in Europe. Another group of draftees from Oklahoma and Texas formed yet another division that also served on the Western Front.

Following World War I there were sweeping changes in the military organizations of the United States. On August 27, 1923—as a result of those changes—Oklahoma's most illustrious military unit, the 45th Infantry Division, was formed with troops from Okla-

homa, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. Division headquarters for the 45th was Oklahoma City.

During the roaring '20s and the Depression and Dust Bowl years of the '30s, soldiers from the 45th earned their wages and stripes. They halted riots and protected lives and property during strikes and civil disturbances, and in June, 1921, when the infamous Tulsa race riot erupted, fed by irresponsible reports from a local newspaper, National Guard units turned out to secure and maintain order in the city. Those companies of the Oklahoma National Guard in Tulsa were members of the newly organized 45th, whose rookie troopers would be veteran officers and non-commissioned officers less than 20 years later when another world war rocked the earth.

In other actions in the years between the world wars, the Oklahoma Guard was used to preserve order in Okmulgee and Henryetta when the Ku Klux Klan reared its ugly masked head and martial law was declared, and during Gov. William A. "Alfalfa Bill" Murray's term, from 1931 to 1935, the National Guard was called out 34 times in what has been described as "an unprecedented display of gubernatorial power."

During this period the 45th Division was mostly occupied with weekly drills, summer camps and calls to state service in times of disaster. National Guard armories were constructed across the state and a feeling of pride developed between civilians and guardsmen.

In *Citizen Soldiers*, the detailed history of the Oklahoma National Guard, author Kenny Franks describes those early Thunderbird years:

The officers and senior NCOs were usually local civic or business leaders, and the enlisted men were mostly always residents of the community. The closeness between the guardsmen and the local citizenry became one of the great strengths of the National Guard in Oklahoma. Again and again, in times of civil unrest, natural disasters, and man-made catastrophes, the National Guard stepped in to control the situation. Local residents depended upon the guardsmen in time of emergencies, and in return they wholeheartedly supported their guard unit. The same feeling of camaraderie existed in the units, with each man and officer feeling a special loyalty to his unit and to the men with whom he served.

This close relationship of citizen soldier to community, country and comrades was to pay off in big dividends. The 45th's intensive training during peacetime would prove invaluable. In September 1940, the 45th was activated for what would be the ultimate test of will and courage. The dark clouds of World War II were building, and the Thunderbirds were asked to meet the challenge of this terrible conflict.

This would be the war that would kill more people, affect more lives, cost more money, damage more property and cause more far-reaching changes than any other war in history. The 45th Infantry Division put in

511 combat days in World War II and gave up thousands of lives—Thunderbirds killed and wounded at scores of battles and assaults. Eight valiant Thunderbirds earned the Congressional Medal of Honor and scores of unit citations were presented for valor at the “Battle of the Caves” at Anzio and for distinguished service in actions at Padiglione and Salerno in Italy, Fremontaine in France and at Bobenthal and Nuremburg in Germany.

Just the 45th’s timetable from mobilization in 1940 to war’s end in 1945 leaves an impressive legacy:

Activated Fort Sill	Sept. 1940
Camp Barkley, Abilene	Feb. 1941
Fort Devens, Mass.	April 1942
Pine Camp, N.Y.	Nov. 1942
Camp Pickett, Va.	April 1943
Landed in Africa	May 1943
Landed in Sicily	July 1943
Landed at Salerno	Sept. 1943
Anzio Beachhead	Jan. 1944
Rome Occupation	June 1944
South France Invasion	August 1944
Belfort Gap Battle	Sept. 1944
Munich/V-E Day	June 6, 1945

The 45th Infantry Division—the proud Thunderbirds—loosed a terrible and swift thunder and lightning all their own against enemy forces in Sicily, at Salerno and Anzio, at St. Maxine and Alsace, at the Rhine River and finally at Munich, in the heartland of Nazi Germany.

German Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, whose troops engaged in bitter fighting against victorious Thunderbirds, said: “The 45th is one of the two best American Divisions I have encountered.” Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr., a man remembered best for his harsh words and not compliments, had this to say about the 45th: “Born at sea, baptised in blood, your fame shall never die. Your Division is one of the best, if not the best Division in the history of American armies.”

Appropriately, not a general but a dogface serves as the most eloquent spokesman for the 45th. In fact, his pictures still speak louder than anyone’s words. Bill Mauldin, the acclaimed journalist and Pulitzer Prize-winner acknowledged as the greatest cartoonist of World War II, was a Thunderbird.

A New Mexico native, Mauldin grew up on an Arizona ranch and enlisted in the 45th Infantry Division about the time he started shaving. Mauldin’s famous GI cartoon characters—Joe and Willie—came to symbolize the common American foot soldier who daily faced the terror and misery of war.

Ernie Pyle, in *Brave Men*, said of Bill Mauldin: “Mauldin’s cartoons aren’t about training camp life, which is most familiar to people at home. They are about the men in the line—the tiny percentage of our



Still life, World War II. The attic of the 45th’s museum is a storehouse of the more homely items that Thunderbirds carried into battle.

vast Army who are actually up there doing the dying. His cartoons are about the war.”

Mauldin said he depicted the infantrymen because he knew what their life was like and understood their gripes. “They don’t get fancy pay, they know their food is the worst in the army because you can’t whip up a lemon pie or even hot soup at the front, and they know how much of the burden they bear.”

Although he went on to serve with other outfits, Mauldin never forgot his beloved 45th. “During the three years I spent in the 45th Division, I was convinced

that it was not only the best Division in the army, but that it *was* the army," said Mauldin.

There are thousands of Joes and Willies who know what Mauldin said is true. The 45th was tough to beat.

Each year the old soldiers—members of the 45th Infantry Division Association—meet in Oklahoma City. They bring their wives and memories and take over a hotel. The parking lot is lined with sedans and campers bearing decals that display the American flag and the gold-and-red Thunderbird emblem and the words *These Colors Don't Run*.

The old vets hold their meeting and memorial services and take shuttle buses to the 45th museum to look at the original Mauldin cartoons, the battle flags and the cases holding their uniforms and weapons. There's always a dinner-dance and lots of speakers and a toast for all the Thunderbirds who never came home.

Without a doubt, the core of the organization are

those units comprised of veterans of World War II and Korea. Most of them are paunched and a bit stooped and have either lost their hair or watched it turn gray. But when they get together and embrace each other and look into the eyes of an old buddy, they soldiered with to hell and back, the years melt away. They're kids again. They're back on a ship waiting to hit the beach, or they're sloshing down a muddy road in Italy or maybe they're at a USO dancing to "Sentimental Journey."

They may have come home from the war and ended up a judge or a doctor, a carpenter or a cop. They may be living in splendor at a country club or barely getting by on Social Security. It doesn't matter. Not at this reunion. For a couple of days the slate's wiped clean. They're all 45th. To a man they're Thunderbirds. Nobody can ever take that from them.

The Thunderbirds live across the nation, but many still call Oklahoma home. Here are a few:

PENDLETON WOODS

Arkansas born and bred, Pen Woods went off to kick Nazi tails with the 94th Infantry Division. "I did just fine for a time, and then I finally ran into a bit of trouble. I was on a recon patrol behind the Siegfried Line, and we were cut off. There were nine of us, and it was six days before the Battle of the Bulge." Pen was taken prisoner, but five months later Russian artillery toppled the prison camp fences. "It was April 20, 1945—Hitler's birthday—and we got away. It took five days of hard work, but we reached American lines. I guess we just had the determination and adrenalin." After the war, Pen earned a degree from the University of Arkansas and a commission as a second lieutenant. He moved to Oklahoma City ("I am a bona fide adopted Okie"), and in the spring of 1949 he joined the 45th. ("I was just in time for Korea.") After putting in 30 years as an officer—the maximum allowed—Pen retired his commission, but he decided he couldn't leave the 45th—not just yet. "So I just resigned my officer's commission as a colonel, and the very next day I became an enlisted man again and went on the division books as a sergeant. I ended up as an enlisted man on both ends

of my career. Nobody knew just what to call me. Officers I had served with called me 'Pen,' and the older sergeants called me 'Pen,' but some of the junior people called me 'sergeant' and sometimes 'colonel,' and most of the older enlisted guys all called me 'colonel.' There was even one who called me 'colonel-sergeant.'" Pen served a total of 41 years and one month. Today he continues to serve—as president of the 12,000-member 45th Infantry Division Association.



WILLIAM R. MOORE

"Shorty" Moore, as his friends call him, was born in Yale, Oklahoma, in 1905, a couple of years before the close of territorial days. He moved to Oklahoma City when he was a kid, went to barber college and cut hair

until about seven years ago. Shorty, who calls himself "a damned ol' bachelor," was drafted at the start of World War II, but because of his diminutive stature and his age he was quickly informed that he was eligible to be excused from all military service. "No way," he says. "I didn't want out. I liked it in the Army. I really liked the 45th and wanted to go. And, let me tell you, I did it too. I stuck it out and went all the way with my Thunderbirds. I was in till the war ended and it was all over and done." Shorty worked on the ambulances and as a litter bearer at the front lines. Afterwards he came back to Oklahoma City and cut some more hair. In the eyes of his fellow Thunderbirds, Shorty Moore is a mighty big man.

BILL WILLETT

In 1939, just about the time Hitler's shock troops stormed into Poland, 17-year-old Bill, barely out of high school in Oklahoma City, enlisted as a Thunderbird. "There were sure lots of Oklahomans in the division," he says. "Lots of Indians, like the regiment from up at Pawnee. All damn fine soldiers." During the war, Bill, an automotive mechanic, progressed from private to tech sergeant and after the war he stayed in the Guard

and jumped from master sergeant to warrant officer in 1950, when he was mobilized again for Korea. Bill retired from the 45th in 1979 after 39 years and 15 days service. "The very worst part of my time had to be the war. Watching friends die is not pleasant. You see ol' boys from back home get it. It was always tough to see a dead person—a corpse—but when they had our Thunderbird patch on their shoulder, well, it was real bad. I never ever got used to it."



**ARTHUR
PETERS**

Born in Edmond 75 years ago, Art Peters joined the Guard in 1928 so he could pull down the 75 cents they paid for weekly drills. When the pay went to a buck during the Depression, things looked even brighter. Art worked as a body man, plumber and concrete finisher and put in a 14-month hitch vaccinating buffalos at a Civilian Conservation Corps camp in the Wichita Mountains. He also invested 34 years of his life in the Guard, including years of combat in World War II and Korea. Three of Art's brothers also served in the 45th, and Art himself rose from buck private to sergeant major. But in his heart, Art Peters was always a mess sergeant: "When I joined up we cooked over open fires just like cowboys, and was it ever sorry chow. Now the army has dieticians and serves the best food there is. It's gone from beans to filet mignon." Art's biggest claim to fame was near the end of the war when the Thunderbirds swarmed into Germany and Art and some pals took possession of none other than Adolph Hitler's

private apartment in Munich. "There we were in Hitler's place. I picked up a book and stretched out," recalls Art. Margaret Bourke-White, the *Life* magazine photographer, happened to be in the neighborhood, and she quickly snapped a photograph of the relaxing Oklahoman. In the May 14, 1945 issue of *Life*, the folks back home got a good look at a native son. There was Sgt. Art Peters lounging on the Fuhrer's couch, reading *Mein Kampf*.

ROSS ROUTH

This soldier, and a general to boot, was one of the decision makers responsible for changing the Thunderbird shoulder patch to its present design. "The original Indian sign of the Thunderbird we were actually looked like a counter-clockwise Nazi swastika. Right before the war some of our enlisted men came back from an Army school in New Jersey, and while they were there they saw some of the Nazi swastikas. There was some real confusion and some problems. They looked too much like our old patch. We decided to change and change quick. . . . It got down between the .45 caliber pistol—the ol' thumb buster—or the new Thunderbird design. We went with the Thunderbird. It was the best. Gen. Routh, 77, joined the Guard in Edmond in 1930. Like so many, he worked his way up the chain of command. During World War II, he was a lieutenant colonel and the 45th Division finance officer. "I paid Thunderbirds from Fort Sill to Munich." During the Korean War, by then a full colonel, Routh was the Eighth Army's finance officer. He retired in 1965 as a brigadier general. "One of my clearest memories of the old 45th was when we landed in Sicily during the war. I had more than \$2 million in Army payroll with me. It was July 10, 1943. They landed me and all my people on one beach and then they landed all my money—the entire payroll—at a different beach. We finally found the safe in the drink! It was underwater. Let me tell you, I

had money laid out all over Sicily drying in the sun. Then we took over a town, counted out the money and every dime was accounted for. We paid the troops on time."



**JAMES O.
SMITH**

Anybody from Hickory Ridge who married his high-school sweetheart and played football in Okemah when Woody Guthrie was the team's water boy has got to be pure Okie. That's J. O. Smith. Born in 1910, J. O. enlisted in the 45th Division in 1929. "I went in a private and worked my way right on up to first sergeant," he says. "I was just belligerent enough and I could holler loud and knew close-order drill. Made a hell of a top sergeant." When the 45th was mobilized in 1940, J. O. was commissioned a second lieutenant, and by the time the division reached Sicily, company commander. "Sicily was the 45th baptism of fire. The sea swells coming at us were terrific, and when we hit those beaches the Germans had us scattered all over the place. Lots of men died. Lots of men were wounded. But we made it, by God. We had initiative, and we knew we had to do some real bold fighting. Nobody was going to do it for us. So we got it all together and got the job done. Just a bunch of hard core Okies." J. O. went on to command the 180th Infantry Regiment of the 45th during the Korean War. He also watched with pride as three of his sons served in the 45th. (Two became colonels and one was wounded in Korea.) "I raised my boys up in the 45th," says J. O.

Every year at the reunion of the 45th, there are fewer of the old soldiers. More and more of them fade away. But every once in a while someone turns up who is all but forgotten. When that happens, there is a real celebration.

For instance, there's the story of Cpl. Sylvester Jagodowski. The veterans of Battery "C," 171 Field Artillery Battalion of the 45th, call him their "Miracle Boy." The name fits.

Jagodowski, from Holyoke, Massachusetts, was transferred from the 28th Infantry Division to the 45th and assigned to Battery "C," commanded by Capt. Joe Bosa, of Pauls Valley. Jag, as the Oklahomans called him, joined the outfit while they were still stateside at Camp Pickett, Virginia, and making final preparations for their embarkation to North Africa and Europe.

After the Sicily campaign, and Salerno, the 45th and Battery "C" turned its sights on Anzio, the small Italian town 33 miles south of Rome where the ancient emperors Caligula and Nero were born.

British and American forces landed at Anzio to divert the German forces from the Cassino area where the Allied advance on Rome had been halted. It ended up a hellacious battle and despite fierce German attacks, the beachhead was held until contact was made with the U.S. Fifth Army. Unfortunately, Jagodowski and many other fine Thunderbirds never saw the battle's end.

"Old Jag was up in the forward observation post with our lieutenant and another GI," recalls Arthur Masten, a Chandler native who joined the National Guard in 1937. "We were in the process of trying to break out, and the fighting was fierce and the machine gun fire heavy. Jagodowski apparently spotted one of the machine guns and he turned to tell the lieutenant when he took a direct hit in the mouth. It shattered his jaw, took out all of Jag's teeth and his left eye, and the fragments went into his brain." As his outfit advanced, Jagodowski was left behind with the rest of the dead and was reported "killed in action."

But, unbeknownst to his grieving friends in Battery "C," Jagodowski was not dead. Miraculously, he had survived.

"A couple of weeks later we found out that he was just barely alive but that he had made it and was in a Naples hospital," recalls Masten. "Some of our guys—George Claus, Stanley Stepinski and George Young—jumped in a jeep and went to see him. They never thought he'd leave that hospital. I guess none of us did."

But again Jagodowski proved them all wrong. Thanks to skilled medical teams and the devotion of his wife, Helen, the severely wounded soldier survived and

Michael Wallis lives in Tulsa. Terrence Moore is an internationally known photographer who divides his time between his studio in Tucson and an old adobe in northeastern New Mexico.

returned home. He was hospitalized for three years, living mostly on a liquid diet. He endured 19 head operations alone, had steel plates inserted in his skull three times and had to learn to speak and walk all over again.

And finally, at the last 45th Division reunion, the "Miracle Boy" returned.

When Jag and Helen, his wife of 42 years, walked into the hotel suite where the vets of Battery "C" were gathered, there wasn't a dry eye in the room.

"It's truly a miracle," said one man. "We hadn't seen him since 1944. I never thought we'd see him again."

Jagodowski remembers little of that day at Anzio when his life was changed.

"All I knew is that I lived. I made it while a lot of others didn't. And I'm proud of the 45th—of my brothers. We're not just friends—we're family. I'll never forget them."

If he can, Jagodowski—the 45th's "Miracle Boy"—wants to retrace the route he and his fellow Thunderbirds took so many years past. He wants to return to North Africa and Sicily. He wants to go back to Anzio.

"I want to go back before I die. I want to walk there. I want to go back and kneel and pray."

As he speaks, Jagodowski gently fingers a 45th Division patch. He looks at the brightly colored insignia and the mythical bird that has always brought protection and luck to the men of the 45th. Then he looks up at the others and he smiles. ☐



Oklahoma's monument to the men of the 45th Division, dedicated in 1958, stands on Oklahoma City's Couch Drive, downtown.

The city is also home to the 45th Infantry Division Museum, housed in an old red rock armory at 2145 NE 36th St., just east of Eastern.

The museum holds memorabilia that range from field reports of Choctaw Nation rangers to a reproduction of a World War I machine-gun nest to displays tracing each major engagement of the 45th.

Highlights are a room full of original Bill Mauldin cartoons from World War II (many drawn during the 45th's long drive through Italy) and the Reeves Military Weapons Collection. Donated by Jordan B. and Ruby V. Reeves of Oklahoma City, the collection traces a history of American military weapons, from Revolutionary War flintlock muskets to a Confederate Mosby cannon; a Lee rifle salvaged from the USS Maine; Nazi, Japanese (and U.S.) weapons from World War II; and a homemade Viet Cong rifle. There's also a gift kiosk that sells Thunderbird memorabilia: coffee mugs, bumper stickers, books, baseball caps. . . .

The museum is open 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Tuesday-Friday, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Saturday and 1-5 p.m. Sunday. There is no admission charge. Call (405) 424-5313 for more information.

FRED W. MARVEL

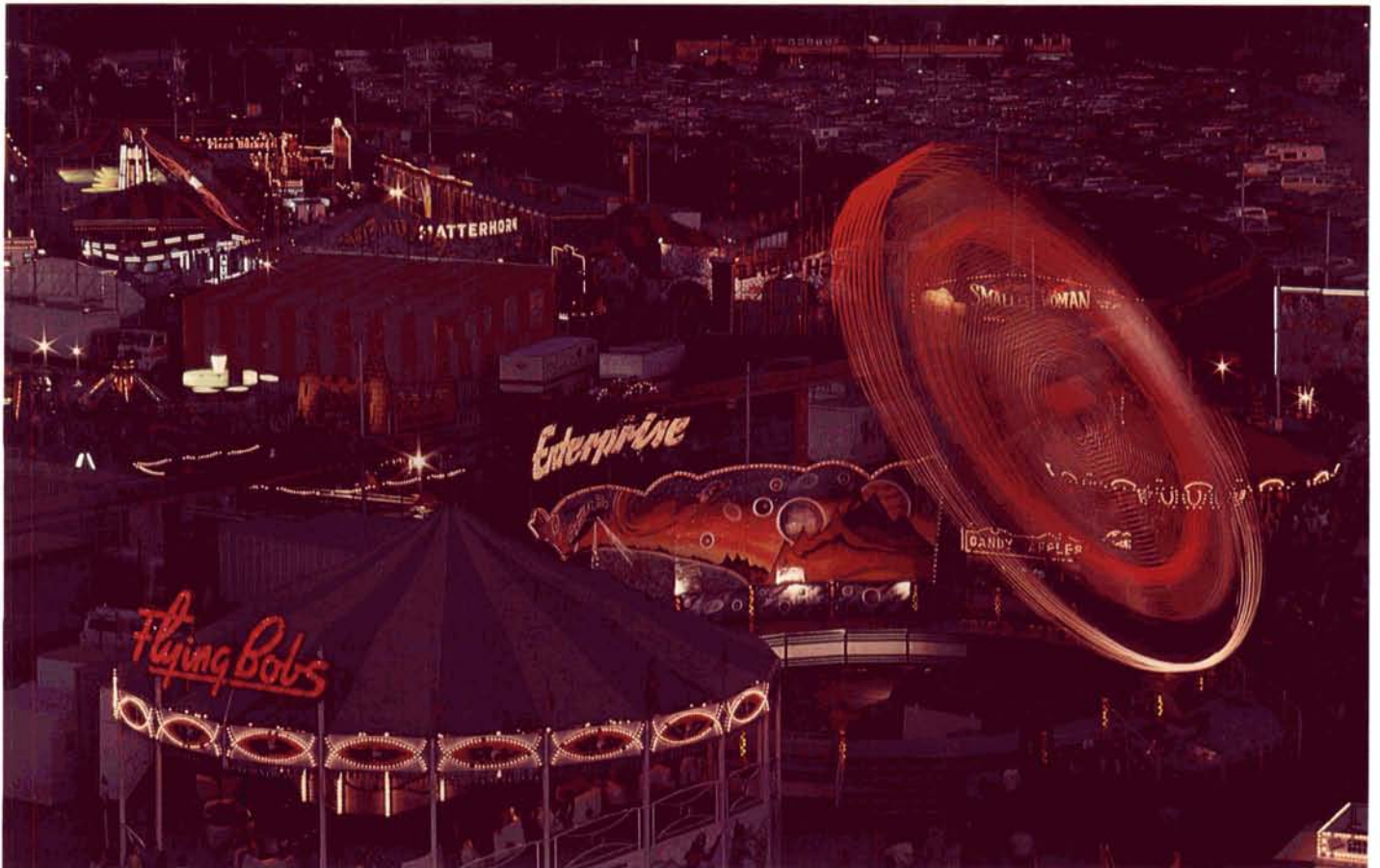
If you see a photograph of Oklahoma and the credit line reads "Courtesy, Oklahoma Tourism and Recreation Department," chances are 100 to 1 that it was taken by Fred Marvel. (His work has appeared in Southern Living, Horizon, Saturday Evening Post, GEO, and more than two dozen other magazines, newspapers and books.)

His first photograph was published when he was 10, a family-reunion shot that ran in the newspaper in Warland, Wyoming. "I usually tell people that I took up photography in self-defense,"

Fred says. "Photography was always around." His father was in the photo-finishing business and later traveled the country taking school pictures. Today he designs ID cameras and other equipment in his Tulsa shop.

A graduate of Tulsa University, Fred's been with the tourism department since 1966, except for two years in the Army in the late '60s, including duty in Germany. His duties for the department range from press-release photos to sunsets over the Ouachitas and kids eating watermelon in Rush Springs. "The best thing about my job is the variety," he says. "I'm not pigeonholed into commercial or portrait photography; we do those and a lot of others besides." His most recent assignment is shooting the department's monthly TV program, which airs on an Oklahoma City cable system.

Then there's the travel. "My job is to take pictures of Oklahoma, to communicate the positive things in the state, I hope," he says. "There are very few places in Oklahoma I haven't been. I don't think I've been in Frederick, come to think of it. But I really have been nearly everywhere."



ABOVE:
Nighttime, State Fair,
Oklahoma City



ABOVE,
Beavers Bend State
Park, McCurtain
County

RIGHT,
Gloss Mountains,
Major County



BELOW.
Great Oklahoma Balloon Race,
Norman



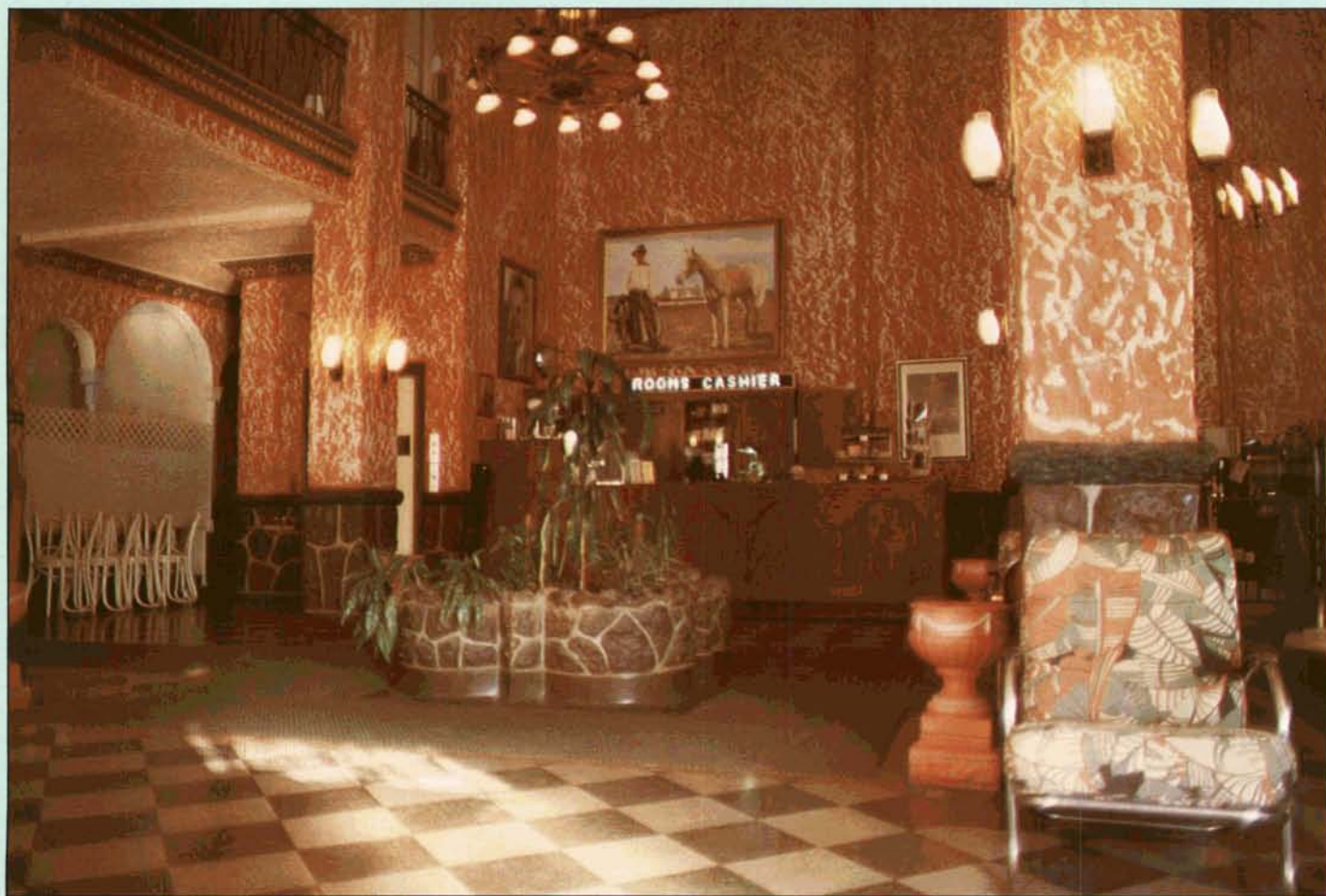


ABOVE:
Detail of Door,
Isabella, Oklahoma

TAKING THE WATERS



Story and photographs by Don Emrick



The Hotel Will Rogers' Spanish-style facade (above) wraps around the last of Oklahoma's famous spas, with its period decor and piped-in mineral water.

“I was more proud to see my name in electric lights in my old hometown on an institution built for service to the public than I ever was on the biggest theater on Broadway.”

—Will Rogers

Those lights lit the marquee on Claremore's Will Rogers Hotel and Mineral Baths, which opened on Feb. 7, 1930, with 76 rooms, a ground-floor café and a top floor devoted solely to providing mineral baths for an eager, ailing public.

The motto on an early brochure for the hotel called Claremore the town “where the world gets well.” Today, a more accurate slogan might read: “Oklahoma's best-kept secret.”

It might seem strange to call a six-story hotel on a busy corner in a growing town a secret. But when you walk through the doors of the Will Rogers from the noise of the busy highway only a few feet away, you feel you've made a discovery. It's a little like a short step back in time, into a lobby with pillars capped with a thunderbird motif, an old-fashioned check-in desk complete with neon “Cashier” sign, a coffee shop with high, arched windows and pink linen tablecloths, a second-floor loggia with banquet room and a “Ladies' Lounge.”



The hotel was the first structure anywhere in the world to be named after Will Rogers. Today it serves up nostalgia along with its mineral-water baths.



And over all is a rather odd, though not unpleasant, odor: mineral water.

"Our hotel is a destination point," says Pearl Golden, who along with her husband, Russell, has owned and operated the hotel since 1976. "Most of the people have advance reservations. We know they're coming, and at least 80 percent have been here before."

The attraction today, as in the past, is the stuff that gives the hotel its special air: Claremore's mineral water. In the days of patent medicines and cure-all remedies, Claremore's famous water was touted as a panacea for every illness.

Claims are more realistic these days, modest, even bland in comparison. Relief from poison oak and ivy, swollen joints and general tension are what the baths offer, according to Mrs. Golden: "Some arthritis specialists, doctors, send their patients here. We do have some skin specialists who send their patients here. Several of the local doctors recommend it for poison oak or poison ivy.

"The sulphur that's in the water is very healing. It's not a cure," she says, adding, "I think that a lot of people are now at the point where they believe that

if you can heal something without taking so much medicine internally, then surely it must be better for your body. . . .

"We have a lot of younger people who are learning that this is a way to relax and kind of get away from it all. It's very relaxing to take a bath and a massage."

The typical routine for a weekend at the hotel consists of a mineral bath each day on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Most customers follow a standard bathing routine:

"Generally, they're put into the steam-room first," Mrs. Golden says. "And we do have separate facilities for men and women." The steam lasts for five to 20 minutes.

Then comes a bathtub full of mineral water. The water is kept warm, monitored carefully by attendants so that it won't get too hot. Thirty minutes is the general length for a bath.

"From the tub of mineral water they're taken to a 'cooling cot,'" Mrs. Golden says. "We call it a cooling cot because we put them on it, wrap them in sheets and put a blanket over them so their body can cool naturally."

Twenty or so minutes later, provided

the customers don't fall asleep, they're put on the massage table and given a body massage. The massage lasts another 20 minutes, after which, Mrs. Golden says, "they can either take a shower, if they wish, or they can rest some more, or they can go out on the sundeck and get a little sunbath." The more energetic might want to use some of the exercise equipment the hotel provides.

Aside from the benefits of the water itself, the hotel has also gained a reputation for the quality of its masseurs, masseuses and other bathhouse attendants.

"We really do have excellent people in the bathhouse," Mrs. Golden says. "We have two men who are semi-retired. . . that have 45 years' experience each. Then we have another man who started here in the hotel in 1947. We train our own people. . . . The experienced people that've been here for 30 to 40 years then train the new people who come in."

In the past, the Will Rogers Hotel and Mineral Baths did more than train its own employees, as the Golden's discovered when they were going through the hotel's records.

"The hotel used to train people for all

The Old Watering Place

In the years before statehood, two of the Indian nations could claim a town noted for the restful, restorative quality of the mineral waters found near it—Claremore, in the Cherokee Nation, and Sulphur, in the Chickasaw Nation. Both boasted several bathhouses that served visitors who sought relief from sickness, or who just wanted to relax.

And why not? Civilized cultures have bathed in, or drunk, various kinds of mineral water for centuries. Europe has a long tradition of using mineral water to maintain good health. In fact, the English word *spa* comes from the name of a Belgian village noted for its waters.

In these times of Jacuzzis and water-treatment plants, however, the words *mineral water* are most often associated with little green bottles of Perrier at the local supermarket.

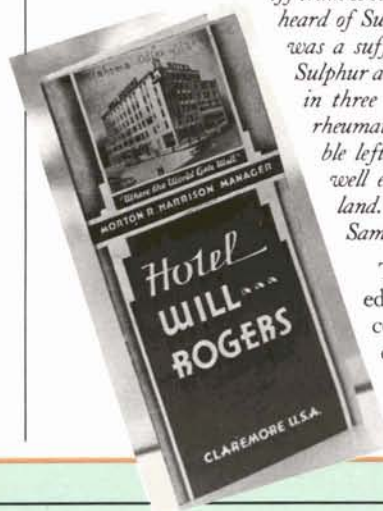
Changes in public attitude, general technology and travel habits, as well as simple wear and tear of time, all contributed to the fallen fortunes of Oklahoma's mineral-water industry. But while they flourished, Oklahoma's two spas sparkled.

Sulphur began as "Sulphur Springs," clustered around a group of sulphur and bromide springs on a Chickasaw Indian reserve in the

Arbuckle Mountains. The town was moved (twice) after the land became a national preserve—and visitors ended up strolling from their hotel or boarding house to sip at the springs.

But sick folks still flocked there. A Chamber of Commerce publication claimed that the town had 58,000 visitors in 1907, and springs and artesian wells that pumped 20,000,000 gallons daily. They also collected testimonials like the following:

Had stomach and heart troubles at Chandler, Okla. Would frequently faint and fall while at work. After four years went to West on advice of doctors, but grew worse and started back home to die. Had to be taken off train several times; last time at Davis, where I heard of Sulphur. My wife, who was with me, was a sufferer from rheumatism. We came to Sulphur and drank the waters. Wife was cured in three weeks and has not had a touch of rheumatism since. After two weeks, my trouble left me, and after three months I was well enough to clear eight acres of timber land. Have bought a home in Sulphur—
Samuel G. McCoy



The bromide waters, it was claimed, were especially good for nervous complaints, and the sulphur waters could cure anything from rheumatism to catarrh.

Today, Sulphur's mineral-water industry is a memory. The



In Claremore's glory days as a watering place, the Will Rogers hosted governors and movie stars, including its namesake—though there's no record he visited the sixth floor for a soak in "radium water."

the bathhouses in town, as well as people for Hot Springs," Mrs. Golden says. "They used to have a regular school in the hotel where they trained masseurs and masseuses."

The training school disappeared with the decline in the popularity of Claremore's bathhouses. The town that once boasted six bathing establishments operating at one time has only one left: The Will

Rogers. This decline had many causes, economic as well as geographic, but the two most important involve the water itself, and changes in people's attitudes.

"The pipes could not stand up to the water," Mrs. Golden explains, saying that the water's high mineral content affected the metal pipes in all the bathhouses. (The Golden's solved this problem by putting in plastic pipes and a fiberglass water tank.) "I think it was the deterioration of the bathhouses as well as that people in the '50s and '60s were not as health conscious as they are now—or were in the '30s and '40s."

Various sources, including a state almanac from the early '60s, have estimated that several million people have taken mineral baths in Claremore over the years. Among those, Mrs. Golden says, are many celebrities:

"Bob Hope and his entourage stayed here. . . . Joel McCrea and his wife stay whenever they come to Claremore—they always threaten to take the masseurs back to California with them. We've had a lot of governors. Governor Marland was a frequent visitor back in the '30s and '40s. The late Jack Zink, a Tulsa



mineral wells are running low, and the town's bathhouses are no more. (The last one, the once-palatial Artesian Hotel and Natatorium, burned down in 1962.)

Claremore, which at its height as a spa had six bathhouses serving more than 230 people a day, now has only one. The Will Rogers Hotel and Mineral Baths, the first structure in the world to bear Will Rogers' name, is also the last of Claremore's famous bathhouses.

Will himself often stayed there when he was in town and wrote more than one endorsement of the local water. (But don't think for a moment he believed all the extravagant claims of early entrepreneurs. One of the town's bathhouses "guaranteed" to "cure 85% of all curable illnesses.")

In an article praising the general healthfulness of the water, Rogers said, somewhat tongue-in-cheek:

Now, the only thing I get out of this is, I have the "Throw Away

Crutch Privilege." If you don't get well and throw away your Invalid Chair or Crutches, I get nothing out of it, so that is why we give you such a square deal in Claremore, if you are not cured, I don't get your crutches. There is no other resort in the world that works on such a small margin.

Despite Rogers' good-humored skepticism, stories continued to circulate of people arriving at a bathhouse on crutches, or in a wheelchair, and walking away without aid after taking a series of the baths. As late as 1947 a local newspaper carried articles on "miracle cures."

The brownish, odiferous water that drew all this attention and business (nearly \$800,000 a year during the '30s, according to one source) was discovered by accident.

Sometime around 1903, Claremore businessman George W. Eaton formed a small company to drill for oil, or natural gas, just northeast of town. Talk of oil filled Indian Territory in those days; however, the wells sunk near Claremore filled only with artesian water. Discouraged, the drillers abandoned their project, leaving the wells uncapped.

Water seeping from the wells formed small streams that ran into nearby Dog Creek—and at this confluence, fancy becomes mixed with fact. At first, townspeople maligned the water as a bad-smelling liquid that peeled paint off houses and turned all metal but gold a dirty black. Then, according to one local story, dogs that usually swam in the creek were cured of mange. Other variations had children's cuts and bruises healing more quickly after being washed with the water and a woman being cured of stomach trouble by sipping it.

Continued on p. 44.



businessman, came here all the time and always brought his friends from foreign countries."

Will Rogers also frequented the hotel, but there is no record of his ever taking a mineral bath, though he did write several articles testifying to the healthfulness of the water.

"This was more or less his headquarters when he was in town," Mrs. Golden says. "We have a two-room suite on the second floor that until recently still had on the door, 'Will Rogers' Suite.' Unfortunately, it was just worn so badly that the door had to be replaced, which was really kind of a shame, but it had been let go so long."

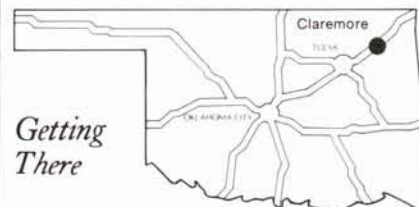
It is this general deterioration that the Goldenes have been fighting against—while trying to retain the comfortable atmosphere of the hotel. Though the wear on plumbing fixtures, and on furniture and the structure itself, have been dealt with, many of the original features are still in place. These include wrought-iron chandeliers that were forged in Italy and the wagon wheel that Will Rogers gave to Louis Abraham, one of the hotel's first owners.

"Will Rogers had wagon wheels in his ranch at Santa Monica, and he brought the wagon wheel to Mr. Abraham," Mrs. Golden says. "Then, when Will Rogers was killed in the plane crash, Mr. Abraham had a chandelier taken apart and placed around the wagon wheel, incorporating it into the whole thing." The special chandelier hangs in the center of the lobby, not at all at odds with the Southwestern-style decor of the hotel.

Wagon-wheel chandeliers notwithstanding, the Goldenes rely mostly on newspaper and television advertisements to attract new customers, but, as Mrs. Golden says, word of mouth brings in most of their business:

"I did a survey on the bathhouse with people coming in. . . . We always asked how they found out about the hotel, and the biggest majority of them were told by a friend. 'We have people who just happen to come in, and they'll say, 'This is the best-kept secret I know of.' "

Don Emrick is a free-lance writer and photographer who lives in Claremore. One of his interests is the state's vintage neon signs.



Getting There

Rates for a night in Oklahoma's last mineral-water spa, the Hotel Will Rogers in Claremore, will range from \$18 for a single, \$32.50 for a double and \$38 for a suite.

If you want to visit the sixth floor for a soak in the town's famous mineral water, charges run from \$5.50 for a mineral-water bath, with steam included (\$6.50 with whirlpool) to \$15 for the works: steam bath, mineral-water bath, massage and whirlpool.

The hotel also offers several package deals: the "Three Day Get-A-Way"—\$189 for two—that includes treatments and meals; and the "Seven Day Wonder"—seven days for two people, including meals and spa treatments, for \$489.

For more information, write the hotel at 524 W. Will Rogers Blvd., Claremore, OK 74017, or call (918) 341-0861. A couple of tips: Don't go expecting the Golden Door—rooms and facilities are clean but plain. Also, request a room on the side away from the traffic noise of Route 66.

There are undoubtedly even more versions, but whatever the details, speculations or outright tall tales, within a year after Eaton failed to find oil, a railroad conductor by the name of Perdue had built the town's first bathhouse. It was a simple structure of sheet metal that contained two metal tubs. The business did well, a wooden building later replaced the original one, and other people began to capitalize on Claremore's "Radium Water," as the mineral water was then called.

This (perhaps unfortunate) nickname occurred because Madame Curie was making her contributions to medicine at about the same time. It caused Will Rogers to comment:

Some misguided soul named it Radium Water, but Radium will never see the day it is worth mentioning in the same breath as this magic water. Why, to the afflicted and suffering humanity, a jug of this water is worth a wheelbarrow full of Radium.

Call it what you like, the public lapped it up. In 1905, when Watson James Mendenhall built a bathhouse near Eaton's original drilling site, the area was already known as "Radium Town." That same year, Claremore's first brick hotel, The Sequoyah, added mineral baths. (The hotel's owner, J. M. Bayless, also built The Artesian in Sulphur.)

The Sanitarium Bathhouse was built at this time, too, also in Radium Town. In 1906, the Bungalow Hotel and Bathhouse was built on a lot backing a livery stable owned by Clem Rogers—Will's father, and a very influential man in what would become Rogers County.

In the late 1920s, the Radium Bathhouse was built just down the Street from the Mason Hotel. The Will Rogers Hotel and Mineral Baths, begun optimistically in the black year 1929, opened in 1930 under the management of Morton R. Harrison, Louis Abraham and Walter Krumrei.

Various newspaper articles have estimated that more than 6 million people visited these mineral baths by the late '50s to early '60s. Despite this popularity, time and progress took their toll on the bathhouses.

The Perdue Bathhouse, the one that started it all, burned down in about 1910, long before the fall of Radium Water. Others lasted longer: The Bungalow Hotel and Bathhouse was replaced by a drive-in bank, a fate it shared with the Sequoyah Hotel. Mendenhall's Bathhouse, renamed Keller's Bathhouse and Cabins after its most recent owner, closed down a few years ago because of problems with its well. The Radium Bathhouse was torn down to make way for the J. M. Davis Gun Museum.

Most of "Radium Town" has been absorbed into the city limits of Claremore, its buildings oddly out of place among the suburban housing. The Sanitarium Bathhouse, at one time called Bennett's, stands empty on a streetcorner across from a vacant lot, a crumbling relic.

The Will Rogers is the only one left. Though its owners have done extensive restoration and refurbishing, signs of the past still abound in and around the hotel. High up on the building's east wall, in fading paint, are the words that started it all: *Radium Water*.

Filmathon • Stillwater

Pop the popcorn—it's showtime for the 12th annual Filmathon January 25, 26 and 27 in Stillwater.

The three-day event gives movie enthusiasts from the serious scholar to the amateur film buff an opportunity to discuss topics in film and to view movie screenings and panel presentations.

The panels are led by faculty from Oklahoma State University, the University of Oklahoma, Phillips University, Oklahoma Baptist University and other schools. Panel topics include the Western, the handicapped in film, the teaching of film and foreign film.

The \$25 fee covers the panel presentations and the 40-50 movies that are to be shown that weekend. All events will take place at OSU's Student Union. For more information, contact Dr. Leonard Leff at (405) 624-6221.

Fur Sales • Shawnee

Hundreds of fur trappers from around the state will peddle their wares of 'coon, skunk, 'possum, coyote and bobcat pelts when the Oklahoma Trappers Association meets in Shawnee for its annual fur sales January 5 and February 9.

The Heart of Oklahoma Exposition Center will become a trading post starting at 8 a.m., when the bundles of furs will be available for buyers to inspect. To purchase the furs, the buyer must first determine the pelts he wants and the price he is willing to bid. After all the buyers have had a chance to post their bids, the Fur Committee determines the highest bidder for each bundle of furs, and the trapper can then sell his pelts if he wishes.

The Oklahoma Trappers Association is over 500 members strong—and a good number of these members (usually 300-400) turn out for the sales. Although the association insists that all people selling pelts at the sales be members of the association, it does not require that all members necessarily be trappers. Many of the "trappers" are actually "dog men" who raise and train dogs to "run 'coons" and have found the fur sales a good outlet for their pelts.

The Expo Center is located at Highway 177 and Independence in Shawnee. The fur sale, which is free to the public, begins around 8 a.m. and lasts until it's over; the

February sale is usually the longer of the two, lasting sometimes until 7 or 8 p.m. For more information about the sale, contact Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Gardner at (405) 356-2411.

Domino Tournament • Carnegie

A world-championship competition is usually considered to be serious business, and the World Championship Domino Tournament in Carnegie is no exception.

Two-man teams from around Oklahoma and surrounding states will battle it out February 9 to see who gets the honor of carting home the trophy when it's over. Registration begins at 8 a.m. with elimination rounds beginning at 10 a.m.; it's usually 7 or 8 p.m. before the final round is over and the winners are declared.

The tournament has been going strong since 1945, when it was started by the Jolly brothers, publishers of the *Carnegie Herald*. It's been played every year since then, except



in 1957, when the tournament was cancelled because of the heavy workload at the paper.

Today more than 75 teams compete for the championship; some of the players have been traveling to the town since that first tournament in 1945.

The event is now sponsored by the Carnegie Chamber of Commerce and is played in the big barn building at the Carnegie Fairgrounds on Highway 58. Everyone is invited to play or just watch—there is no fee for participants or onlookers. For more information, contact the Carnegie Chamber at (405) 654-2121.

Medieval Exhibit • OKC

An intricately carved 14th-century ivory mirror back with the highly romantic name of "Siege of the Castle of Love," a gaming piece from a 14th-century English chess set carved from the tooth of a narwhal (a cross between a porpoise and a whale), medieval arms and armor and heads of kings, apostles and saints done in limestone or bronze are just samples of the objects on display at the Oklahoma Museum of Art's Medieval Exhibit in Oklahoma City.

The exhibit, which runs from January 22 to April 29, features tapestries, stained glass, paintings, sculpture, papal vestments, jewelry and cloisonne, ivories, prints and manuscript illustrations, all dated from 900-1500 AD. More than 150 of these objects have been gathered from private and public collections from around the country for this exhibit, the first of its kind in the region.

In addition to the exhibit, there will be various seminars, a symposium, a lecture series, family events and concerts. There will also be a dinner with authentic medieval food.

OMA's public relations director Linda Skrasek says the exhibit will be a "well-rounded show," with objects ranging from "very religious pieces to fantasy-like fun things." All can be seen at the Oklahoma Museum of Art, 7316 Nichols Rd., from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday and 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. on Sunday. The museum is closed on Mondays. Admission is \$2 for adults, except Tuesday evenings from 6:30 p.m. to 9 p.m., when it is free to the public. For more information and the exact times and dates of the special events, contact Linda Skrasek at (405) 840-2759.

By Kim Edwards

Next Issue: Some have called Oklahoma-born architect Bruce Goff "visionary," others "eccentric." Whatever you call him, you'll agree his buildings are like nothing else you've ever seen. We'll also give you a mountainside seat to watch some daring young Oklahomans hang glide off Buffalo Mountain—and show you a wilderness area right next door to Tulsa. Then there's a long visit with one of rodeo's true legends—bullrider Freckles Brown—on his ranch near Soper. All in the March-April issue of *Oklahoma TODAY*.

ENTERTAINMENT

Calendar



ART EXHIBITS

JANUARY

- 1-20 "Jamie Wyeth: An American View," Okla. Art Center, OKC
- 1-20 American Abstract Expressionism, Okla. Art Center, OKC
- 1-20 Beaux Arts Societe, Okla. Art Center, OKC
- 1-20 Bert Seabourn: Painting and Printings, Monte Hoke: Ceramics, Okla. Art Center, OKC
- 1-31 "James Earle Fraser: Sculptor of American Heroes," Gilcrease Museum, Tulsa
- 2-31 Art Exhibit by Jo Anne Hart, Pioneer Museum and Art Center, Woodward
- 5-Feb. 28 Recent Acquisitions, Mabey-Gerrard Museum, Shawnee
- 14-Feb. 6 "Paintings by Halley, Metalsmithing by Hamlet, Printmaking by Pittsley," Gardiner Art Gallery, Bartlett Center, Stillwater
- 19-Feb. 24 "Works on Paper" from the collection of the Hirschhorn Museum, Museum of Art, OU, Norman
- 19-Feb. 24 "Ken Holder: Rodeo Paintings," Museum of Art, OU, Norman
- 19-March 3 "The Campbell Museum Collection," Philbrook Art Center, Tulsa
- 22-April 29 "Songs of Glory: Medieval Art from 900 to 1500," Oklahoma Museum of Art, OKC
- 31-March 14 "Bison: From the Prehistoric Past to the American Frontier," Okla. Historical Society, OKC
- 31-March 31 "Spiro Mounds," Gilcrease Museum, Tulsa

FEBRUARY

- 1-March 3 Cherokee County Quilt Show, Cherokee National Museum, Tahlequah
- 16-March 31 "1000 AD: Vikings in America," Omniplex, Kirkpatrick Center, OKC



DRAMA

JANUARY

- 1-26 "I Love My Wife," Gaslight Dinner Theatre, Tulsa
- 17-26 "The Sound of Music," Little Theatre, Shawnee
- 18-27 "Veronica's Room," Theatre Tulsa
- 19-Feb. 17 "Robin Hood," Stage Center at the Myriad, OKC
- 20 "Baby Doe," Burg Theatre, OCU, OKC
- 25-Feb. 9 "The Miracle Worker," American Theatre Co., Performing Arts Center, Tulsa
- 31-Feb. 2 "I Do! I Do!," Dinner Theatre, Community Center, Bartlesville
- 31-Feb. 24 "Key Exchange," Gaslight Dinner Theatre, Tulsa

FEBRUARY

- 1 "The Best of Second City," Performing Arts Center, Tulsa
- 1-2 "You're a Good Man Charlie Brown," Dinner Theatre South, Okla. Community College, OKC
- 6-10 "Private Lives," Tulsa Alliance for Classical Theatre
- 6-10, 13-17 & 20-23 "They're Playing Our Song," Cabaret Supper Theatre, Fort Sill
- 7-10 & 14-17 "The House of Blue Leaves," Town and Gown Theatre, Stillwater
- 10-15 "Hello Dolly!," Little Theatre, Goddard Center, Ardmore
- 14-17 & 20-23 "Crimes of the Heart," Stage Center at the Myriad, OKC
- 15-17 & 22-24 "Freeman," Black Liberated Arts Center, Classen High School, OKC
- 15-17 & 22-24 "The Good Doctor," Community Theatre, Edmond
- 15-18 "Damn Yankees," Community Theatre, Watonga
- 19 "Finian's Rainbow," Performing Arts Center, Tulsa
- 21-23 "On Golden Pond," Woodward Community Theatre
- 21-23 "Something's Afoot," Miami Little Theatre
- 21-24 "Pippin," University Theatre, Cameron University, Lawton
- 22-24 "Cabin Fever," Ponca Playhouse, Ponca City
- 22-March 3 "Bus Stop," Theatre Tulsa
- 22-24, 27-28 & March 1-2 "Candida," Rupel J. Jones, Theatre, OU, Norman
- 23-March 31 "Hansel and Gretel," Children's Theatre, OKC
- 27-March 1 "The Shadow Box," ECU, Ada
- 28-March 3 "Gideon," Burg Auditorium, OCU, OKC
- 28-March 3 "True West," OSU, Stillwater
- 28-March 17 "Morning's at Seven," Jewel Box Theatre, OKC
- 28-March 24 "See How They Run," Gaslight Dinner Theatre, Tulsa



MUSIC/DANCE

JANUARY

- 5 Bluegrass Music Concert, Carl Albert High School, Midwest City
- 6 & 8 Okla. Symphony Classics Concert, Civic Center, OKC
- 10 Itzhak Perlman Benefit Recital, presented by the Harris Foundation, Civic Center, OKC
- 11 Taj Mahal, Performing Arts Center, Tulsa
- 11 Evening of Modern Dance with Deborah Hay and Pauline Oliveros, Performing Arts Center, Tulsa
- 11-12 Okla. Symphony Pops Concert with Henry Mancini, Civic Center, OKC
- 12-13 Annual Children's Concert, Prairie Dance Theatre, Stage Center at the Myriad, OKC

- 13 Ben Holt in Concert, Black Liberated Arts Center, Classen High School, OKC
- 17 Tulsa Philharmonic, Lynn Harrell, Cello, Performing Arts Center, Tulsa
- 17 Okla. Symphony Orchestra, University of Arts and Science Auditorium, Chickasha
- 18-20 "Chamber Concert," Ballet Oklahoma, Okla. Theatre Center, OKC
- 19 Stoltzman and Douglas in Concert, Performing Arts Center, Tulsa
- 19 Musical America, Community Center, Bartlesville
- 20 & 22 Bach's "Magnificat," Canterbury Choral Society, Civic Center, OKC
- 22 Allied Arts Production with Stan Getz on Saxophone, Seretean Concert Hall, OSU, Stillwater
- 26 Lawton Philharmonic Subscription III, McMahon Auditorium, Cameron University, Lawton
- 26 Surrey Singers Concert, Kirkpatrick Theatre, OCU, OKC
- 28-February 21 Tulsa Opera Children's Workshops, Tulsa and Jenks elementary schools
- 31 Faculty Recital with Gwen Powell on Flute, Seretean Concert Hall, OSU, Stillwater

FEBRUARY

- 2 Bluegrass Music Concert, Carl Albert High School, Midwest City
- 2-3 "Premieres Plus," Ballet Oklahoma, Civic Center, OKC
- 3 Faculty Recital with Eric Fried Violinist, Bennett Chapel, OSU, Stillwater
- 5 "Little Red Riding Hood," Cimarron Circuit Opera, Laverne
- 5 Tulsa Philharmonic with Isaac Stern, Performing Arts Center, Tulsa
- 6-7 Paul Taylor Dance Co., Civic Center, OKC
- 9-10 "Scotch Symphony," "Wingborne" and "The Bamboo Princess," Tulsa Ballet, Performing Arts Center, Tulsa
- 10 Al Pierson and his Orchestra, Ernie's Palace, Yukon
- 10 Spring Sing, Burg Theatre, OCU, OKC
- 10 & 12 Okla. Symphony Classics Concert with Mendi Rodan, Conductor, Civic Center, OKC
- 14 Okla. Symphony, Valentine's Day Concert, Civic Center, OKC
- 15-16 Okla. Symphony Pops Concert with Rita Coolidge, Civic Center, OKC
- 16 Emerging International Artists Concert II, Performing Arts Center, Tulsa
- 16 Bach Celebration, Peggy Green Payne, harpischordist, Lawton Philharmonic, McMahon Auditorium, Lawton
- 19 "Cosi Fan Tutte," Cimarron Circuit Opera, Wilken Hall, Tonkawa
- 20 "Preview on Tosca," Tulsa Opera Docents, Tulsa Central Library
- 20 Okla. Symphony Orchestra Young People's Concert, Putnam City High School, OKC
- 21 "La Traviata," Texas Opera Theatre, Seretean Concert Hall, OSU, Stillwater
- 21 Tulsa Philharmonic with Gary Karr, double bass, Performing Arts Center, Tulsa
- 24 Opera/Impact Session, Tulsa Opera Center, Tulsa
- 25 Green Country Jazz Festival, NESU, Tahlequah
- 25 Beaux Arts Trio, Holmberg Hall, OU, Norman
- 28 Tulsa Opera Career Day, Tulsa Performing Arts Center, Tulsa

- 28 Thomas Carey Sings Americana, Sooner Theatre, Norman
- 28-March 1 David Gordon Dance Co., Performing Arts Center, Tulsa



RODEOS & HORSE EVENTS

JANUARY

- 26 Horse Judging Clinic, Murray State College, Tishomingo
- 26-27 Winter Classic Horse Sale, Expo Center, Shawnee
- 28-Feb. 3 Miss Rodeo USA Pageant, Assembly Center, Tulsa
- 30 Bucking Stock Sale, Convention Center, Tulsa
- 31-Feb. 3 International Finals Rodeo, Convention Center, Tulsa

FEBRUARY

- 9 Indian Nations Hunter-Jumper Horse Show, Kimbolton Hunt Farm, OKC
- 14-16 Lawton Rodeo Club Rodeo, Great Plains Coliseum, Lawton
- 22-23 Friendly Riders Club Black Heritage Rodeo, Great Plains Coliseum, Lawton
- 28-March 1 Blue Ribbon Futurity Trials, Blue Ribbon Downs, Sallisaw



SPECIAL EVENTS

JANUARY

- 1-6 "Star of Wonder," Kirkpatrick Planetarium, OKC
- 5 Annual New Year's Pow Wow, Food and Fiber Building, Fairgrounds, OKC
- 5 Okla. Trappers Association Fur Sale, Expo Center, Shawnee
- 6, 13, 20 & 27 Muzzle Loading Rifle Building and Assembling, J. M. Davis Gun Museum, Claremore
- 11-13 Darryl Starbird Rod and Custom Car Show, Myriad, OKC
- 12-13 Sooner Gun Show, Great Plains Coliseum, Lawton
- 18 & 20 Custom Car and Hot Rod Show, Fairgrounds, Lawton
- 25-27 Filmathon, Student Union, OSU, Stillwater
- 30-Feb. 3 Recreational Vehicle and Outdoor Exposition, Myriad, OKC
- 30-Feb. 3 Boat, Sport and Travel Show, Expo Square, Tulsa

FEBRUARY

- 1-3 Southwest Oklahoma Boat and Recreation Show, Great Plains Coliseum, Lawton
- 1-3 Boat Show, Fairgrounds, OKC
- 2-4 Heart of Okla. Jr. Livestock Jackpot Show, Expo Center, Shawnee
- 9 A Chocolate Festival, Firehouse Art Center, Norman
- 9 Domino Tournament, Carnegie
- 9 Okla. Trappers Assoc. Fur Sale, Expo Center, Shawnee
- 9-10 Jackpot Lamb Show, Fairgrounds, Durant
- 9-May 12 American Bowling Congress Tournament, Convention Center, Tulsa
- 17-19 13th Annual Governor's Tourism Conference, Skirvin Plaza, OKC
- 23-24 African Violet Society of Greater Tulsa Show and Sale, Garden Center, Tulsa
- 28-March 2 Junior Livestock Show, Kiowa County Livestock Barn, Hobart
- 28-March 3 Family Recreation Festival, Expo Square, Tulsa
- 28-March 3 Annual Home and Garden Show, Myriad, OKC

